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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIII No. 1872 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — DEC. 7 1935

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SHIRTS in striped designs or plain shades, including 2 collars, **10/6** EACH.

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ESTABD 1795

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50% LESS TANNIN IN

Sold **only** in ¼-lb. and ½-lb. packets and 1-lb. canisters. Priced at **2/8, 3/2, 3/10** and **4/4** per lb.

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THE SPHERE
Christmas Number

A special feature of the issue is the section dealing with OLD LONDON, ranging from the time of FitzStephen down to the last century. Special colour reproductions have been made from contemporary drawings, supplemented by the work of modern artists. The scenes dealing with eighteenth-century London are particularly full of historic charm.

A second dominating section of the issue deals with eighteenth-century PIRACY, a subject which THE SPHERE has recently very much made its own. A number of hitherto unpublished documents concerning the death of BLACKBEARD, and the difficulties of rounding up the Pirates have been illustrated and are quoted textually. MONTAGUE DAWSON, RELF, and other artists illustrate this section.

The intriguing story of Melusina, half woman and half serpent, and her husband's fatal week-end discovery, is amusingly illustrated by HOOKWAY COWLES.

The charm of the RUFF is a subject which gives opportunity for many interesting reproductions of Dutch and other portraits, some of them reproduced in this issue for the first time.

The COUNTRYSIDE IN WINTER is illustrated by a number of artists; the subjects include in this section a striking double-page by W. BRYCE HAMILTON. Some new CANINE STUDIES will appeal to all dog-lovers.

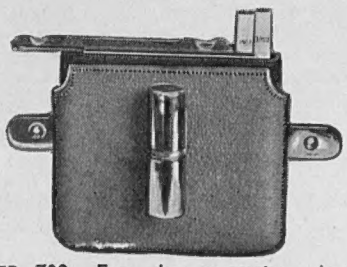
CAROLS, SHORT STORIES, and POEMS, help to round out to the very full the list of CONTENTS of this CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE SPHERE.

IF you order now, your good friend Mr. Newsagent will be able to send your Christmas Number by the next messenger. It IS necessary to do this because so many people feel that it is not quite like Christmas without a Christmas Number in the house. Then, when you and your guests find time to rest and read awhile, it will be a delightful change to acquire a friendly chair and enjoy the Christmas Number of

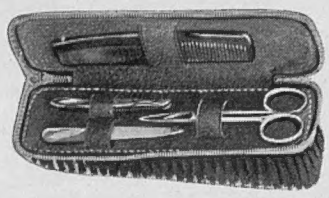
The SPHERE

CHOOSE GIFTS OF UTILITY AT WOOLLANDS

Gift Book — Post Free.



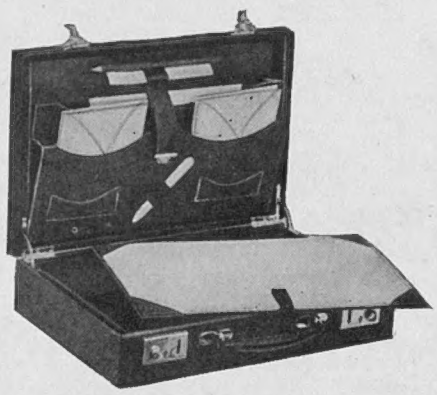
FB. 700.—For the motorist, dual attachable **Cigarette Case and Lighter,** can be manipulated with one hand, for the car or pocket. Colours : red, brown, black, navy, and green. Size $3\frac{3}{4} \times 4$ ins. (*British.*)
Price 10/6



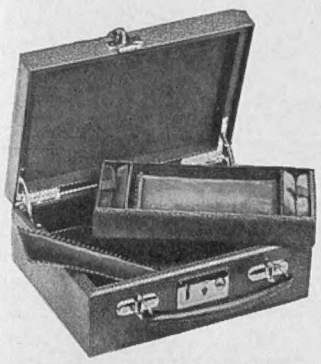
FB. 701.—Novel gift. **Cloth Brush,** with pigskin back, which opens with zip fastener, and contains scissors, nail file, comb, and clippers. Size $7\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ ins. (*British.*)
Price 15/9

FB. 702—Gentlemen's **Dressing Case,** in cowhide, containing natural ebony hair brush with utility box and fittings in nickel. Size $9\frac{3}{4} \times 7$ ins. (*British.*)
Price 29/6

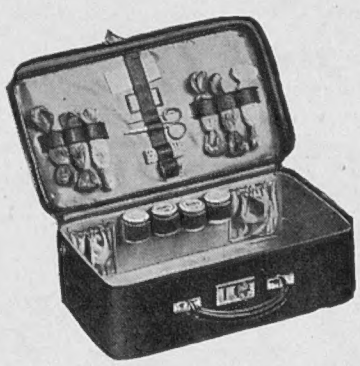
FB. 703.—Useful zip fastening **Writing Case,** covered morocco grain leather lined to tone with writing pad, calendar, address, and memo. book. Colours : brown, beige, navy. Size $10\frac{1}{4} \times 8$ ins.
Price 16/9



FB. 704.—**Writing Attache Case,** covered morocco leather, with leather stationery pockets and loose blotting pad, fitted with quadrant hinges and double action locks. Colours : brown, navy, saxe, and green. Size $14 \times 9 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ ins. (*British.*)
Price 25/9



FB. 705.—**Jewel Box,** covered polished crushed leather, lined velvet, fitted with lift-out tray, deep well at back for necklets, gilt lever locks. Colours : saxe, rose, and green. Size $8 \times 6 \times 3$ ins.
Price 25/9



FB. 706.—**Work Case** in leather grained rexine, lined taffeta, fitted with sewing outfit in lid, with room for knitting needles. Lock and key. Colours : blue, green, nigger brown, and maroon. Size $14 \times 7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ ins. (*British.*)
Price 9/11

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KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1 LTD.

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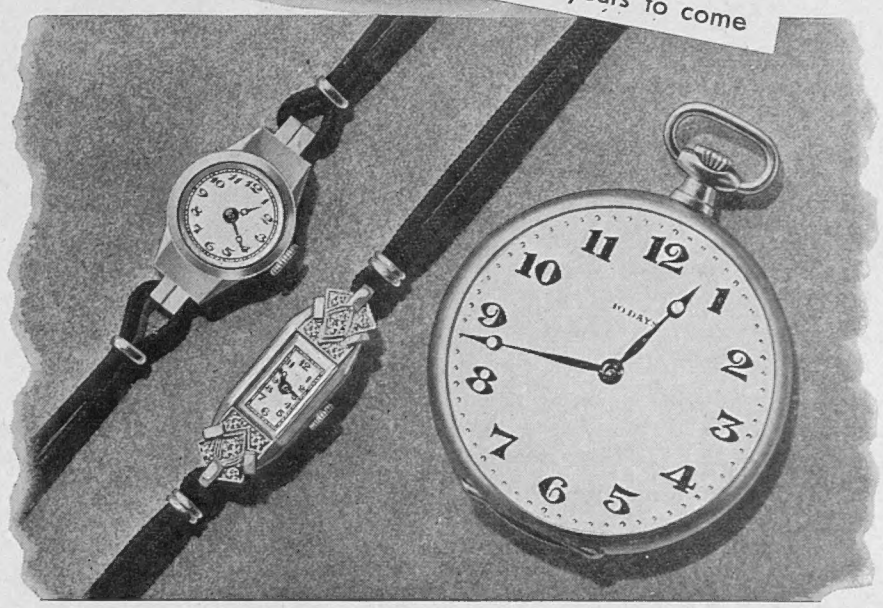
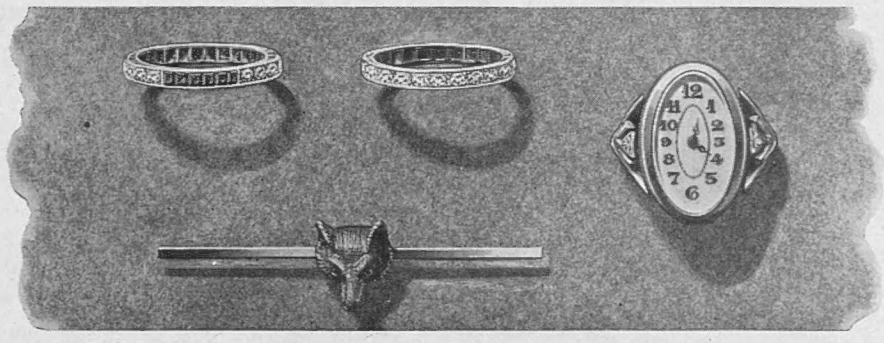
that will give pleasure in the years to come



Solid Gold Watch. 15-jewelled lever movement, corded wristlet. **£4.7.6**

Platinum Wrist Watch, set with Diamonds. 15-jewelled lever movement. **£8.10**

Flat Pocket Watch, Chromium-finished. Need only be wound once a week. 15-jewelled high-grade lever movement. **£2.10**

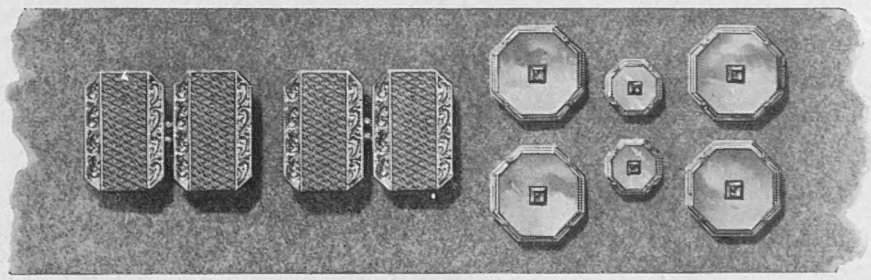


Eternity Ring. Solid Platinum, Diamonds and square-cut Emeralds. Also set with Sapphires and Diamonds or Rubies and Diamonds. **£10**

Eternity Ring. Solid Platinum and Diamonds. **£10**

Solid Gold Fox-head Brooch. Ruby eyes. In three sizes : **£1.12.6, £1.5, 19/6** (*The largest size is shown*)

Ring Watch. Solid 18-ct. Gold, 15-jewelled lever movement. Unbreakable glass. Concealed winder. **£10.10**
Chromium finished. **£7.10**



Solid Gold Links, inlaid with Platinum. **£2.7.6**

Dress Suite of 4 Buttons, Pair Links and Pair Studs. Solid Gold and Mother-of-Pearl. Sapphire centres. 18-ct. White Gold borders, **£6.12.6**

Write for Harrods Book of Christmas Gift Ideas—Free.

The SIGN of TRUTHFUL TRADING

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Harrods Ltd Knightsbridge SW1

You Give a Real Meaning to Christmas

Christmas time finds The Salvation Army very merry. It is the season when half the world of Christendom draws together in one commonfestive, family bond and the other half, friendless, forgotten, misses the feast. The Salvation Army is out after that other half. In its 200 Homes, Slum Posts and other centres of Social service in Great Britain The Army spreads its tables and musters its entertainment - talent for a minimum of 24,000 guests. Every 2/- given, marked "Christmas Cheer," brings another inside the joyous circle. Others are given the means of celebrating in their own homes (a 'wonder parcel' costing 10/-). Please help as many needy people as you can this year—You give a real meaning to Christmas

... When You Give through THE SALVATION ARMY

Kindly send a Gift to General Evangeline Booth, 101, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

WORK— NOT CHARITY

In thirteen seasons the League has definitely enabled 14,538 men to take up work, in addition to employing 2,022 itself on special constructive schemes of its own.

We guarantee that all money sent in direct response to this advertisement will be wholly expended in wages.

YOUR CONTRIBUTION, however small, will be gratefully received by :—

The Hon. Treasurer,
Sir Francis Goodenough,
C.B.E.,
Winter Distress League,
23 Bedford Row,
London, W.C.1.

Tel.: Chancery 7140.

Please help us to help such as these.

CHRISTMAS KINDNESS:

TO **The Salvation Army** Christmas is a great trust. Whichever way it turns its mind towards Christmas its soul lights up with purpose. Christmas is its greatest opportunity of the year. Its growth and organisation have in the course of years made an ever growing number of otherwise very joyless men, women, and children dependent upon it for their Christmas joy. The festivities divide themselves into three kinds. There are first the homeless inmates now numbering over 12,000, who sleep under the roofs of its institutions. Every home, hostel, and every various hospital must ring with good cheer on that day. Next come the children in the slums. Each of the little halls of the scores of slum posts must be crowded with them. It is somewhat saddening to see the effect of this treat upon such children. What would give our children pleasure, to them gives ecstasy beyond words. Then comes, in their little homes, thousands of slum dwellers personally known to the slum sisters—parcels is the word for them. The lonely, the bedridden, harassed mothers too tied to come out, respectable poor unwilling to parade their poverty by coming to the little slum hall, these are all known to the slum sisters. To hundreds of them the parcel brought to their house comes as a great surprise. To The Salvation Army there is something very religious in its best sense in the Christmas spirit. Natures hard and difficult become at that time softened with a sense that somebody cares after all, that it does stand for something, that all belong to one human family. Help for the widespread work of The Salvation Army will be thankfully received by General Evangeline Booth, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

* * *

The truly beneficent work of **The Royal Surgical Aid Society**, which was established in 1862, is widely known, as indeed it deserves to be, considering that over 1,590,000 suitable appliances have been supplied to the poor during the past seventy-three years. Letters of gratitude are being constantly received from those who, having been benefited, have been enabled to retain or regain their work. *The Lancet* said, some few months ago, "The Society is living up to the high standard of practical utility which it has manifested since its start . . . at a time when no institution existed through which the needy patient could obtain much choice of the required surgical appliance." The Society is an invaluable medium through which the charitable can be their own almoners to the poor. An annual subscription of half a guinea, or a life subscription of 5 guineas, entitles a subscriber to two "Letters" each year. Head office: Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

* * *

The recurring miracle of Christmas sets the thoughts of all charitable people towards those in less fortunate circumstances than themselves. Just now, when the shops are brilliant and the spirit of lightness and cheer is abroad everywhere, the plight of those who are blind strikes with a particular poignancy. Their need is surely one that should receive every thought at this time. For more than sixty years the **National Institute for the Blind** has been doing a wonderful service in bringing mental and spiritual light into the dark lives of our sightless population. There are 65,000 blind persons in Great Britain to-day whose lives are made valuable to themselves and even to the community by the work of the Institute. Almost every book in Braille—and certainly every book in Moon type—read by the blind is produced by the Institute's presses. During the present year alone, three quarters of a million books and periodicals have been printed for the solace and instruction of sightless readers. Production is costly and the books are supplied to the blind at about one-third of their production cost. These trading losses can only be met by voluntary gifts which the Institute receives from the charitably-minded public. In its Sunshine Homes the Institute cares for the blind babies of the country, and there are hostels for the aged and sick and needy whose state is made yet heavier by their deprivation of sight. By educational work and instructional courses in handicrafts, blind people are trained in directions that enable them to be self-supporting despite their terrible affliction. A donation sent to the National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, London, W.1, will be used solely for those whose sad lot must call for the compassion of all of us.

* * *

In seventy years 118,000 destitute children have passed through the Ever-Open Doors of **Dr. Barnardo's Homes**, whose charter is, "No destitute child ever refused admission." Amongst the most recent admissions are two small boys of two years and four years, whose mother died of blood-poisoning, and who were already fatherless; a four-month-old babe, whose mother died at his birth: a boy of twelve, whose parents were utterly destitute; a fatherless girl of nine, whose mother is an invalid; and so the tale goes on. Disease, death, poverty, pain have been the open sesame of these thousands of children to these homes, where love and individual care are brought to bear upon past neglect and suffering, and where training is given which shall fit them to take their rightful places as upright and self-reliant members of the community. How many friends will help Father Christmas this year to ensure that not one of this family shall be disappointed? Toys, dolls, games, books, sweets, warm garments, gloves, stockings, woollies—anything and everything will be welcomed. It is also the desire of the Homes to give their enormous family a real Christmas dinner such as you would wish your own children to have. For 10s. one Barnardo child can be fed for a fortnight this Christmas—the season of happiness and giving. All friends who can help to provide a real Christmas for these children are invited to send their gifts to the headquarters of the homes, addressed; Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed "Barclays Bank, Limited, a/c Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

SO NEAR—AND YET SO FAR

At all our 7 Centres

special and successful efforts will be made to

give Happiness at Christmas.

17,000 boys and girls will have their "Treat"—a long entertainment, a toy, and a big bag of "goodies." Cost 2/- each.

1,200 parcels of groceries for Christmas puddings, etc., will be distributed among needy families.

A "LONELY SOULS" Party will be given at Headquarters on Christmas Day.

Please send a kindly generous contribution to the Rev. Percy Ineson, Superintendent, Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

The East End MISSION

Causes Deserving of Your Charity

Working from seven centres in Stepney, Mile End, and Bethnal Green, the **East End Mission** is constantly employed in manifold efforts to benefit the poor spiritually and temporally. At this season of the year the workers are busily planning Christmas and New Year "Treats" for 17,000 poor children, and the distribution of parcels of groceries to homes of poverty. On Christmas Day a "lonely souls" party will be held at headquarters. During the winter months about 53,000 free, satisfying breakfasts will be supplied to hungry boys and girls, so that they may start the day well. These breakfasts are a great boon, not only to the children, but also to anxious parents too poor to afford an adequate meal. While the Mission's philanthropic work is very extensive and carried on in various ways throughout the whole year, the spiritual basis is always kept well in mind—conversion to God, and the formation of Christian character being the chief objectives. Fuller details will be gladly supplied by the Superintendent, the Rev. Percy Ineson, East End Mission, Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

* * *

The men who brought some of your Christmas dinner to England across the waters of the world are not always sure of having a Christmas dinner themselves. Christmas morning may find them battling up the Channel in a December squall or driving their reeling argosies across a storm-whipped Bay of Biscay. Only a small percentage of our sailors spend their Christmas at home. But in more than a hundred ports of the world every British seaman can recapture the spirit of an English Christmas in the local hostel of the **British Sailors' Society**. At the London headquarters of the Society in Commercial Road, E.14, preparations have been made for what will be a record Christmas festival. More than 300 sailors are expected to spend Christmas in this "Sailors' Palace." But the work of the Society does not finish there. Hundreds of men in sailor-town are "on the rocks" just now. To them and their families the dog-watch on Christmas morning would usher in just another day of privation and misery if they were not looked after by the British Sailors' Society. Parcels of food and clothing are distributed to hundreds of the homes of these men at Christmastide. Since 1818 the British Sailors' Society has looked after our seamen with assistance, advice, and good comradeship when these are most needed. The traditional freemasonry of the seven seas is nowhere better exemplified than in the great work the Society performs. The Society recognises no distinction of class, creed, or colour. Try to remember, when making your own plans for Christmas, that our sailors played a large part in making your Christmas festivities possible. Then decide to make their Christmas a little brighter by sending a gift to the British Sailors' Society. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Fredk. Sykes, P.C., G.C.S.I., etc., 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14.

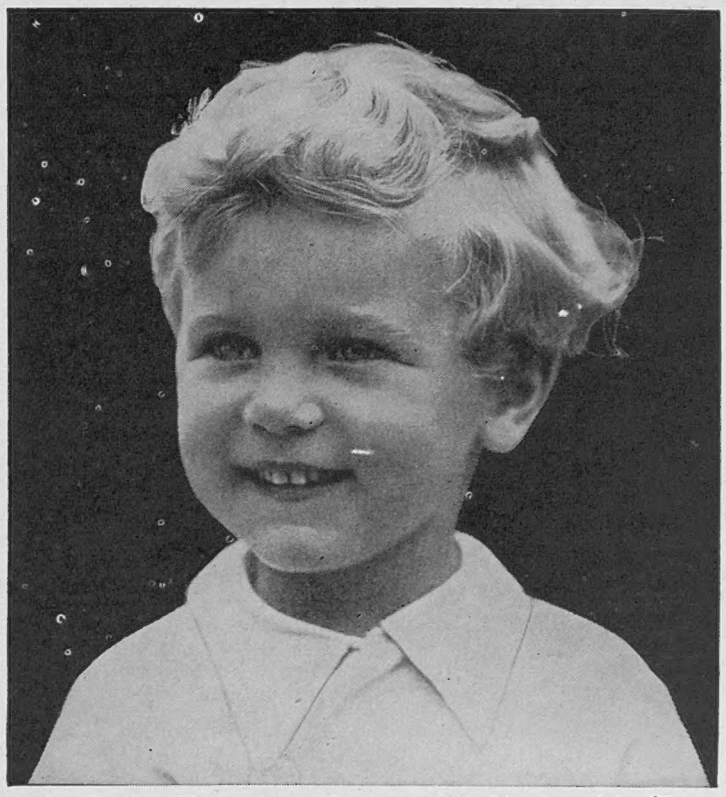
* * *

A true Christmas story comes from the **Waifs and Strays Society** that well-known children's organisation which has been doing such a great national work for over fifty years. The story concerns a little girl aged five-and-a-half years, but it is best told in the words of the Matron under whose care she was placed. "'Muriel' was a most pathetic little person. Instead of the smiling baby face to which we are accustomed, she had a very sorrowful expression. We tried to bring a smile, but whatever we said or did, even tickling her tiny toes, met with the same response—a scowl. Poor little thing, it seemed that she had never learned to smile—she simply did not know the way. It was about a month before Christmas that Muriel first came, and preparations had already begun. As the festival drew nearer and the excitement of the other children rose higher and higher, Muriel's eyes got bigger, the doleful expression was less pronounced and a look of wonder began to take its place. She looked on with amazement as the children decorated their dormitories and playroom, and when Christmas morning came with stockings and parcels and a Christmas dinner two dimples appeared in her cheeks. The climax came in the afternoon when, through the kindness of friends, a Christmas tree was provided with presents for everyone. Muriel was like one in a trance until the tree was stripped then, clutching her toys in both hands, she rushed out of the room her faced wreathed with smiles and said to the first person she met 'I feel like . . . I feel like . . . THE FAIRY QUEEN.'" The Society wants to bring a happy smile to all the members of its large family this Christmas. There are 4,499 of them—including hundreds of cripples and babies. Will you be their Santa Claus? Headquarters: Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

* * *

The object of **The Winter Distress League** is to enable men not only to exist but to regain the peace of mind and self respect of which they are robbed by the aimlessness and futility of their lives when they are without work and often without hope. Therefore it expends the largest part of its funds in setting men on useful jobs which do not divert work from normal market channels. The men are paid Trade Union rates of wages and are guaranteed security for at least thirteen weeks, subject of course to satisfactory work and conduct. Then again those whose resources have been drained through long unemployment often need to get tools out of pawn, procure decent clothing, or pay travelling expenses until the first week's wages are due if they are to take up a definite job when at long last their chance presents itself. The League does whatever is necessary in such cases, and they are many. Their principal activities may be tabulated thus: (1) Hospital Employment scheme; (2) Public Works scheme; (3) Waste Lands Cultivation scheme; (4) Provision of help to enable men to take up definite jobs; (5) Boarding-out of Children in the Country. The address of the League is 23, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



Please be Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.

We are celebrating our 70th year of service on behalf of destitute children. Over 117,500 girls and boys already sheltered and given a chance in life; and our family always numbers about 8,300 children.
Will you send a 70th Anniversary gift to our Fund to mark this special occasion?

A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF

10/-

will feed one boy or girl for a fortnight.

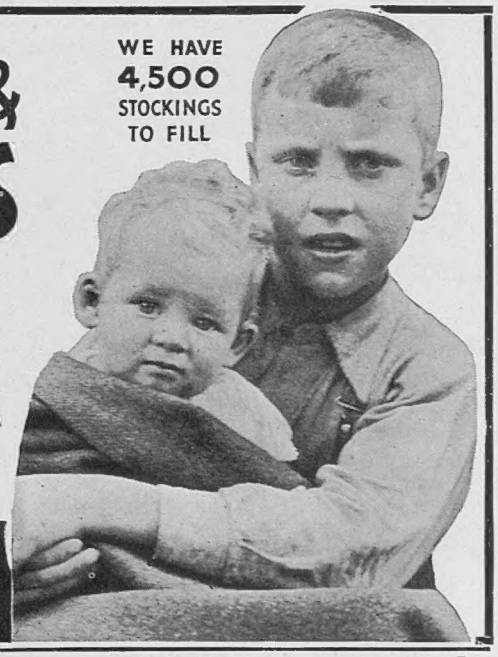
Cheques and Orders, payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund" and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

WE HAVE 4,500 STOCKINGS TO FILL

39,000 CHILDREN PROVIDED FOR

WILL YOU BE THEIR SANTA CLAUS



10/- WILL FEED TWO CHILDREN FOR A WEEK AT CHRISTMAS 10/-

The smallest GIFT gratefully received by The Secretary, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

Who looks after Jack?

A REAL British Christmas for our Sailors in home and foreign ports; hospitality for lighthouse keepers and lightshipmen, seamen who are "up against it"; and help for seamen's widows, orphans and dependents . . . these are the Christmas aims of the British Sailors' Society.

PLEASE SEND YOUR "CHRISTMAS CHEER" GIFT

to the Hon. Treas., The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., G.C.S.I., etc.

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

680, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.14

CHAIRMAN: THE HON. L. W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.A.
GEN. SEC.: HERBERT E. BARKER.

Every needy body

requiring and receiving such help as this Society affords (and has afforded for 73 years) is assisted absolutely

irrespective of creed.

We seek the co-operation of kindly-hearted people of all denominations so that sufferers needing suitable surgical appliances may have their need supplied, and thus be enabled to retain or resume their work. Over

1,590,000 appliances

have been supplied to the poor since the Society was founded in 1862.

An Annual Subscription of **10s. 6d.** or a Life Subscription of **£5 5s.** entitles the Subscriber to two "Letters" each year—and so on in proportion.

ADDRESS: THE SECRETARY

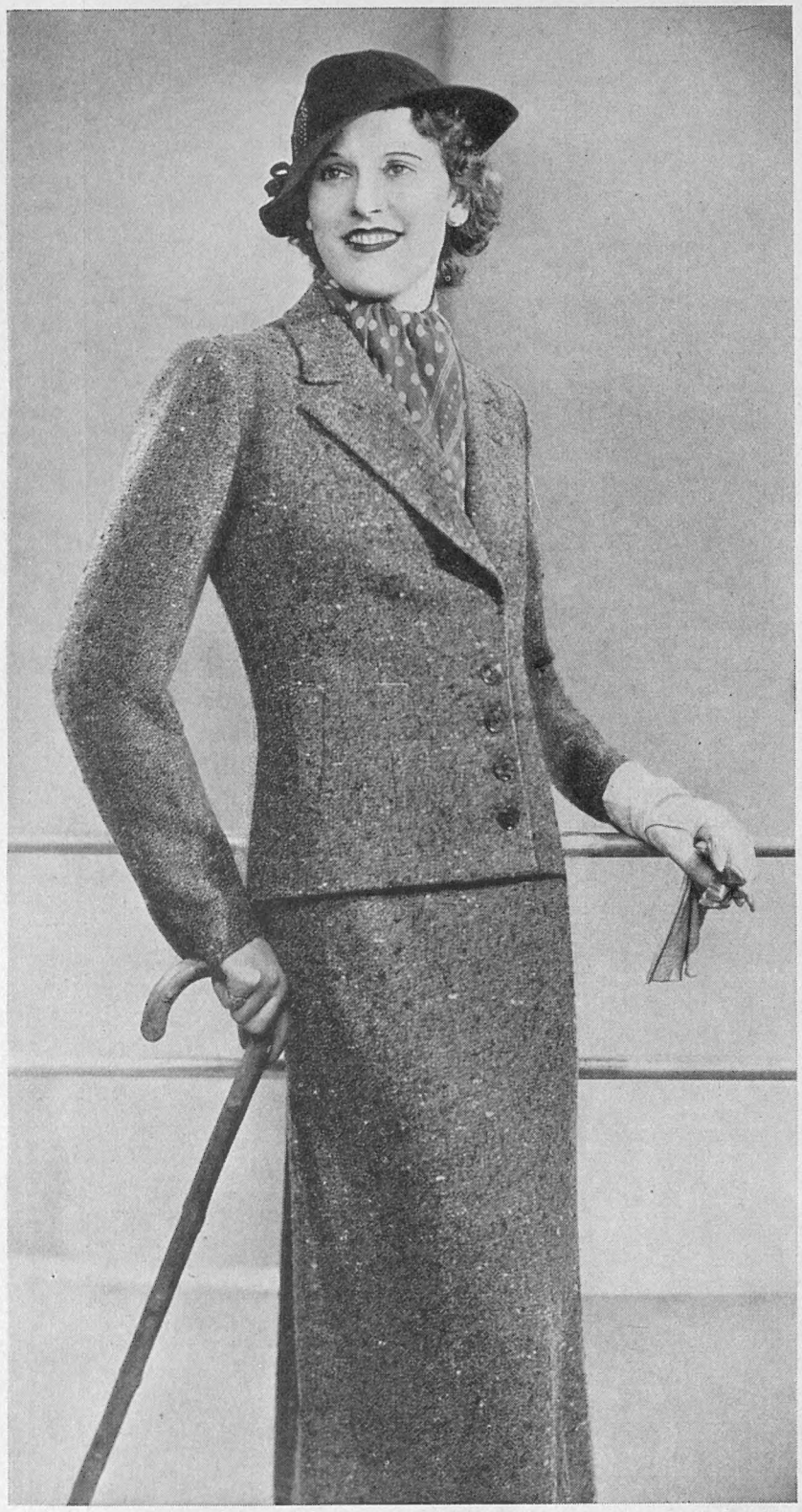
Royal Surgical Aid Society

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Kindly mention "The Sphere" in your reply.

PERFECTLY TAILORED COAT AND SKIRT



E.6.—Very smart Coat and Skirt, perfectly tailored in a new range of this season's Tweeds in mixtures and plain colourings. Coat fashioned to give slim hipline. Skirt with inverted pleat side, front and back. In all new season's colourings. Hip sizes 38 to 44 ins.

60/-

Tyrolean Felt Hat, 25/-

SUITS: THIRD FLOOR

Swan & Edgar LTD

Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1 *'Phone: Regent 1616*

START YOUR EVENING RIGHT *with a* DUBONNET COCKTAIL

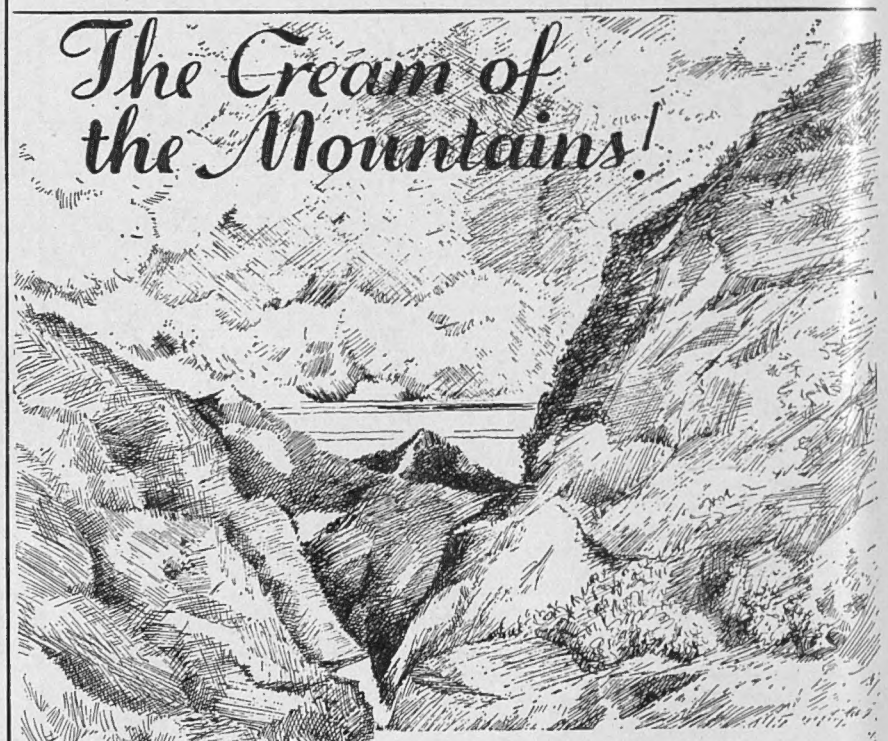
DUBONNET... 2/3
DRY GIN 1/3
ADD THIN SLICE OF LEMON

Delicious, Exhilarating & a great aid to digestion

DUBONNET

Sole Agents for the United Kingdom
J. R. PARKINGTON & CO., LTD., 161, New Bond St., London, W.1

The Cream of the Mountains!



a fitting phrase for Holt's Mountain Cream Scotch Whisky. Manufactured under ideal conditions in the heart of the Glenlivet district, every sip of this mellow golden liquid recalls the grandeur: the freedom: the fragrance of the mountains from which it derives its name. Years of maturing in freshly emptied sherry casks: malted barley, yeast, and the clear, cool spring waters of the Scottish Highlands give Holt's Mountain Cream Whisky a flavour all its own: a flavour you'll like!

Holt's Mountain Cream

'tis still the best distilled **Scotch Whisky**

W. H. HOLT & SONS LIMITED, *Aberlour-Glenlivet Distillery* ABERLOUR, SCOTLAND

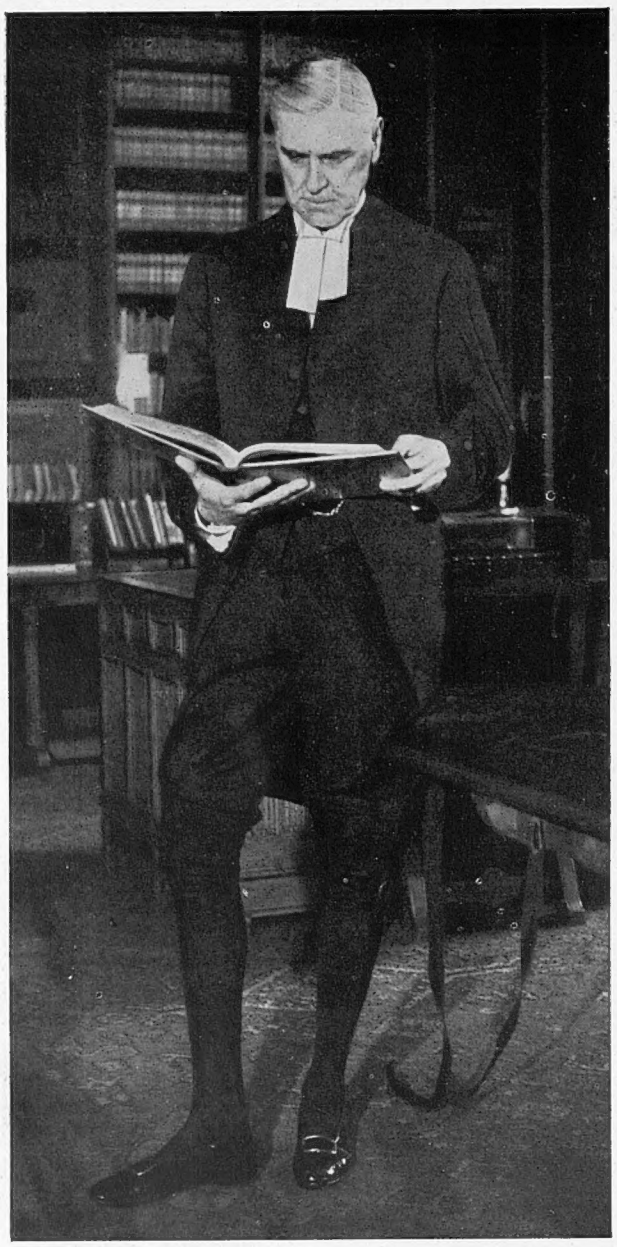
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 7, 1935

The "China Clipper" Crosses the Pacific

A Record-breaking Flight From California to Manila

Bearer of a name redolent of earlier merchant adventuring and successful in accomplishing a feat of rare difficulty, it is little wonder that the *China Clipper* has captured the imagination of the public. This giant, four-engined, American flying boat is pictured here as she winged her way westwards over the Golden Gate at San Francisco on the first stage of her record-breaking transpacific journey, the first commercial flight of its kind. A week later, to the accompaniment of a deafening welcome from vessels in the harbour, she swooped down to a perfect landing at Manila, Philippine Islands, having covered the 8,000 miles from California in the flying time of 60 hours less 13 minutes, and having stopped en route at Honolulu (2,410 miles), Midway Island (1,380 miles), Wake Island (1,260 miles) and Guam (1,450 miles). Captain Musick, chief pilot of Pan-American Airways who with a crew of seven navigated the ship, reported ideal weather throughout the trip. He actually arrived one hour ahead of schedule

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



ADMONITION TO THE HOUSE: Captain E. A. Fitzroy, who, on his re-election last week to the office of Speaker of the Commons, delivered an address in which he made an important reference to the excessive length of speeches, which, he said, were too much like formal essays read by members to each other, lacking the cut and thrust of objection and answer which is the virtue of debate. His comments were greeted with prolonged applause

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 4, 1935.

PARTIES AND PARTY LEADERS.

—The new House of Commons, viewed from a gallery, is very much like the last. Even the Labour opposition, though it took up more space, looked much as usual, since Mr. Morrison, Mr. Clynes, Dr. Dalton and one or two other *revenus* (to put it uncritically) seem hardly to have been missed. As to the Government side, it was almost the mixture as before and in the same pattern. Most of the old hands on both sides retained their privileged seats though Mr. Lansbury sat where one was wont to see Lady Astor ever rising and resuming her seat. Against the Government's solid majority and great array, the ranks of Tuscany still bulk small enough. The Liberal majority is now "solid." It has been reinforced by Mr. George's family circus of four performers and has a "majority" (in number twenty-one) of one sort at least. Mr. George still plays Cincinnatus (the old and tried adviser in the wilderness), and Sir Archibald Sinclair deserves the luck which gave him leadership. Sir Herbert Samuel's submersion left him the only rock showing a head above water. Luckily his leadership calls for no urgent statesmanship. He has plenty of time to rebuild the Liberal Party before it is called on to guide our destinies. Mr. Attlee was lucky also. He was the oldest but perhaps the least outstanding of the choices for party leader of Labour, and because both Mr. Morrison and Mr. Greenwood have by their more forceful expression of opinion evoked criticism within their own ranks, Mr. Attlee sailed in between them to win. Mr. Greenwood will act as deputy and it is to be hoped the new (or new-old) blood will be called in to transfuse the thin stream of constructive opposition. Dr. Dalton should bring both knowledge and a measure of dignity to opposition. In the list of appointments to junior offices in the Government, released last week, there is but one new-comer, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Mr. Baldwin's brightest secretary. His promotion to office is payment deferred for merit long recognised. And so the game began again with the old pack lightly shuffled. And a rigorous game it is likely to prove. For already the international situation has become as grave and difficult as before the "lull" and the question of oil sanctions has occupied the close attention of the new Cabinet. Coal at home and oil abroad—how the Labour Party must thank Heaven it has been spared the responsibilities of administration at this juncture; and the nation must echo that thanksgiving.

LORD TYRRELL'S NEW POST.

—It is recognised that the post of film censor is very important, because it is now filled by eminent men who have held very high offices in the State. But whether, up to now, Government and public and the office holders themselves have recognised to the full the tremendous responsibilities which a film censor with adequate powers ought to exercise, is another matter. There is in the minds of many of us a dreadful suspicion that, just as traffic regulation was suffered to get into chaos, so censorship of films has in the past been less strict than it should have been, and for the same reason. And that reason is that, bound up in our ideals and aspirations for public welfare of soul and body, is an equally strong official desire not to interfere with the individual's commercial initiative, not to put a clog on the wheels of industrial progress, and not to do anything at all which might, however obliquely, adversely affect employment of labour. All these conditionings of high ideals are understandable and even sound. But nothing on earth should be allowed to stand in the way of a film censorship (or for that matter the regulation of road traffic) that is utterly aloof from consideration of individual gains or losses. The nation's soul and mind, and the safeguarding of the nation as a whole, come before the interests of even the biggest groups. Poison is still disseminated hour after hour and day after day among the youth of this country from cinemas. Vulgarity, cheap-jack, false values, inaccuracy, and unhealthy suggestion are drunk in by boys and young women who are by no means well equipped by discipline and tradition in their homes to resist these poisons. Lord Tyrrell is a man of wide experience. A British Ambassador, long resident in Paris, has not much to learn of the ways of the world and the hearts and natures of men. He is a man of moral courage, he is a Roman Catholic, and he is a film fan. He was Permanent Secretary at the F.O. and our Ambassador in Paris during very critical times, and he rendered great service. It is my belief that his new post transcends in importance any he has held. If any real power attaches to his office, it is possible for him even now (at whatever cost and with whatever unpopularity) to rescue the youth of this country from the abyss of false values, half truths, cheap jack, bad taste, vulgarity, to which a new industry uncontrolled by men of education has brought it. It is the cinema and all the cheap romance and glorification of so-called "stars" which it engenders that has, for example, turned the heads of thousands of young girls who could be earning and learning discipline and economy in domestic service. Hundreds of Austrian girls are being imported into England to take the places which British girls will not fill because, forsooth, there is no cinema at their doors, or because the cinema has taught them to expect a more thrilling destiny than domestic service. And it is the cinema that is making the name and reputation of Britain stink in the nostrils of more primitive races. Lord Tyrrell's job is to compel the film industry's direction into the hands of men of education and taste, men with a sense of their tremendous trusteeship and of the real potentialities of the medium in which they work.

THE PREMIER IN SCOTLAND: Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin with Lord and Lady Airlie, whose guests they were at Cortachy Castle on the night before the demonstration, organised by the Scottish Unionist Association, which they attended at Dundee

CHINESE.

—I am sure you skimmed the cream of thirty-five centuries of Chinese art, forearmed with my recent (borrowed) tips about the right method of approach. You kept repeating to yourself: "Look out for rhythmic vitality" and "See everything with the *mind's* eye." In this resolve you saw a 20-ton Buddha of the fifth century as a thing of gossamer, and gaped at one of the wonders of the world of sculpture (that torso of the T'ang dynasty) which some say is the most perfect stone sculpture in existence. The generations pass and are forgotten or condemned, art goes on eternally young. Northern China may be in the fangs of Japan to-day, a helpless inert mass of flesh. But once and again—for long periods covering thirty-five centuries—she was the centre of world culture, and her art became supreme because her hereditary rulers recognized its importance and gave it patronage, rewards, and support. Her artists lived for their art. To the true artist the work is sufficient reward but even the supreme artist does his best work under protection, patronage, and encouragement. Every man, howsoever material and "low brow," has art hidden in him, and each of us is an artist who obtains joy and a measure of appreciation of the miracle which the artist has accomplished, as he stands before the Imperial charger (2,387); or that wholly exquisite green jade buffalo of the first century; or the horse in black jade in Room 4; or Mr. Pierpont-Morgan's ruby vase. It is small wonder that the catalogue alone cost to compile the sum value of the exhibits of a small museum. It is utterly impossible to make adequate reference to a fraction of the contents of a single room at Burlington House. Here for a few weeks in London are gathered together glories of art such as none ever saw assembled before, treasures beyond price (as money values are reckoned in civilisation); thousands of objects, any one of which would satisfy the life's ambition of a greedy collector or glorify a single large house. Many people, dazed and dazzled, must have come away with the single word "Jade" written on their hearts—green, white, lavender, black. It is the vehicle of the Chinese masters who could breathe into it the breath of life 2,000 years ago, and who knew more about rhythm and colour than the rest of the world ever knew or will know: and more also about the meaning of life and its true values.

THE WINDSOR STROLLERS AND STANSTED PLAYERS.—

To-night, December 4, the Windsor Strollers open their annual season—the seventy-fifth—with *Laburnum Grove*. They launched themselves during a famous vogue for amateur theatricals—there is generally one every thirty years—and their seventy-fifth season coincides with a new one which Lord Bessborough fostered in Canada and on the crest of which he returned to England. The Strollers started life at the Castle Hotel, Windsor, in 1860, and were sponsored by enthusiastic amateurs from the fighting and other services. To-night half-a-dozen old favourites and devoted supporters of this rival to the "Old Stagers" will appear in Mr. Priestley's play. Mr. Ralph Alderson—the pillar of amateur acting—will take Edmund Gwenn's part and Mary Jerrold pays him the compliment of supporting him. Lady Susan Birch—an old favourite—and Mr. Stephenson (the president), Mr. Hay, and Captain Wilfred Lloyd are all in the cast. Many of them will pass on to Stansted Park, where Lord Bessborough later on is producing *Tobias and the Angel* with Lord Duncannon in the (second) title part, and doubtless Mr. Rupert Harvey, who did a lot of producing in Canada, to lend his assistance. I like to think there are people in these hectic days, willing to give endless time to this polite accomplishment with its infinite labour and very short run.

THE TOLLEMACHES—AND HAM HOUSE. —

The romances of the peerage are usually to be found in those peerages which are capable of descent in the female line. That does not entirely rule out a modern creation, since special remainders to daughters have been granted in our own day (e.g., the Earldom of Roberts). The Dysart peerage is steeped in the picturesque, and now descends to the late ninth earl's niece, Mrs. Greaves. It is picturesque firstly in nomenclature, Mrs. Greaves becomes Countess of Dysart and Baroness Huntingtower, both romantic names. But the Tollemaches have for generations specialised in Christian names from romance also; and any number of them, too, for each individual. Lyulph, Lyonulph, Lyonesse, Leo, Leone, Lyonella, de Orellana, Fredegunda, Ethelgiva; these names, linked often with Plantagenet and Manners, occur through the generations, and I seem to remember that one member of the family was christened with names whose initial letters spelt out the words, EDWARD THE THIRD. The earldom was created in 1613. The first earl was tutor, and (it is said) before that "whipping-boy," to Charles I. His surname was Murray, and his heiress married a Tollemache, baronet of Helmingham in Suffolk, which is still the moated seat of the other peer of the House, Lord Tollemache. Hanby and Buckminster came to the Dysarts through the marriage in the eighteenth century of another heiress with John Manners. Ham House, Richmond, is a possession of unique interest. It is crammed with beautiful things which for years were hardly known at all—even to connoisseurs. For Lord Dysart lived there for the latter part of his life, almost as a hermit, and only of very late years (with the enfranchisement that has grown out of the scheme for opening private gardens) have visitors been admitted in any numbers. For the tragedy of Lord Dysart's life was that for a great part of it he was practically blind and could never see the glories among which he lived. He bore his affliction with great pluck and found solace in music. The baronetcy, which dates from the seventeenth century, goes to a male cousin.

ALUMINIUM COOKING VESSELS.—

The big onslaught on aluminium as material for cooking vessels is not the first to be launched. Within the last five years the same attack was made, the same suspicions aroused in the breasts of sufferers from gastric troubles and . . . allayed. Nothing was done about it. It was a successful newspaper symposium and no more. Now, the present attack should not be allowed just to peter out. It is either a very big issue or a correspondence topic which is bearing cruelly hard on the aluminium cooking vessel interests. Either the metal is perfectly harmless when in contact with salt and other irritants, and gives off no particles of poisonous alum in cooking with it under any circumstances, or aluminium is a dangerous metal and should never be used for cooking purposes. It is either perfectly safe or hundreds of thousands of people in this Empire are being poisoned unnecessarily and having gastric and other internal troubles which may make their lives a burden. When this question was first raised, one imagined that it would come to the notice of the Health Ministry, and that in due course the opinion of its research department would be published to reassure or warn the public (and the trade). I never saw such a statement put forth. It seems to me incredible that the proper Government authority will remain silent once more on a question of very signal domestic importance to the Empire and to the health of our nation. Do we not *pay* for some guidance from our expensive Ministries? Or do they only give advice and afford guidance on receipt of individual applications, enclosing stamped and addressed envelopes?

LORD TRENCHARD'S SUCCESSOR: Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Game, formerly Governor of New South Wales, arriving at the House of Lords to be sworn in by the Lord Chancellor as Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. Owing to an injury to his knee, which has prevented him from assuming his duties sooner, Sir Philip walked on crutches

ROOSEVELT — A REED SHAKEN . . .?

—It seems that the famous name of Roosevelt has no connection with roses, but with that uncertain and less fragrant herb, the reed. Naturally, any light on the great American dictator is interesting to us, and I rescue the following from an American journal: "A new etymology of the name 'Roosevelt' was propounded to-day by A. J. Barnouw, Wilhelmina professor of the language and literature of Holland at Columbia University, New York. 'Roosevelt,' which up to now has been commonly accepted as meaning 'rose-field,' doesn't mean that at all, Mr. Barnouw says it means 'a reed field.' Mr. Barnouw, who swears that he's not just an under-cover man for the Republican Party, says through the Netherland-American Foundation that no Hollander would ever refer to his rose garden as a 'rozenveld,' but as 'rozentuin,' which seems to let the President out as a rosefield. However, an extinct word 'roes' or roos survives in 'roesdommel' ('a lurker among the reeds'), the name for the marsh bird known as the bittern. Barnouw says the 'roos' means reed, and that the name Roosevelt is a Dutch analogue of the English name Redfield, in which 'red' is a shortening of 'reed.' So-oo-oo, a bird in the reeds is worth two in the 1936 campaign."

LONDON'S STAR ATTRACTION: Cameramen engaged in making a film at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Chinese Art, which was opened to the public last week at Burlington House and bids fair to be very popular with art lovers in all walks of life. The pottery, carvings, and landscape paintings of the Sung Dynasty have perhaps evoked the most general admiration

PRINCESS VICTORIA. —

Princess Victoria's death robbed the opening of Parliament of its customary ceremonial. The King's Speech was read by the Chancellor and Parliament opened by a Commission of Peers. Princess Victoria was the fourth child of King Edward and was born at Marlborough House in 1868. Her health was never good and she was little seen in public latterly, but she was very talented and versatile and made her life full and happy with a number of crafts of which she was a master. She lived with Queen Alexandra until her death and then settled at Coppins, Iver, near Windsor, and was soon vitally concerned in all the doings of the villages round. She will be greatly mourned by scores of humble folk. Her great friends in youth were the sisters of the present Lord Ormonde.

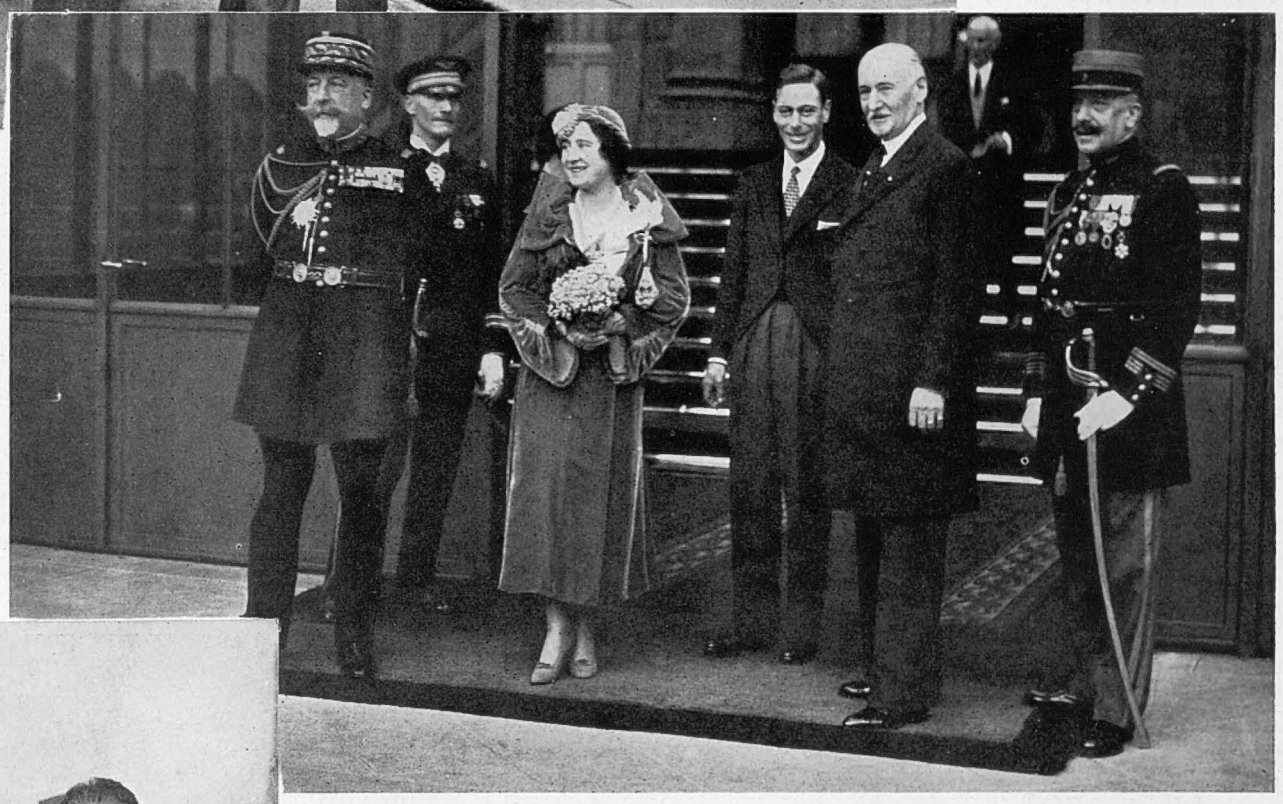
THE OLD STAGER

THE WALL GAME AT ETON: Mr. C. A. Elliott (*right*), headmaster, and Mr. M. R. James, provost, pictured together at the annual St. Andrew's Day wall game between Collegers and Oppidans. The result of the contest, in which no goal has been scored for many years, was the almost inevitable draw

HERE and ABROAD

The Restoration in Greece—The National Government Leaders Meet—The Royal Visit to Paris

On left—THE FIRST CABINET MEETING SINCE THE ELECTION: Lord Hailsham (the Lord Chancellor) and other ministers posing for cameramen on the steps of No. 10, Downing Street when they arrived to deliberate the legislative measures to be announced in the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament. Owing to the death of His Majesty's sister, the address this time had to be delivered by the Lord Chancellor, and the "State Opening" was shorn of its usual pageantry



On right—THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL: Their Royal Highnesses leaving the Elysée after attending a luncheon given in their honour by President Lebrun, and at which M. Laval and several members of the Cabinet were also present. In the evening they were the principal guests at the annual St. Andrew's Night dinner of the Caledonian Society of Paris

KING GEORGE OF THE HELLENES RETURNS TO HIS OWN PEOPLE: *Left*—His Majesty walking with General Condylis on his arrival on Grecian soil for the first time since his exile twelve years ago. *Right*—Picturesquely-clad members of the Royal Bodyguard holding back the crowds near Hadrian's Arch, where the restored monarch crossed the Athens boundary. Since his return the King has encountered considerable opposition from so-called "royalists" in carrying out his expressed intention of "consigning the past to oblivion and granting a full amnesty without exception to all political offenders." It now appears that he has been successful in his endeavour and although he may have alienated some of the Condylists it is believed he has enormously strengthened his hold on the country. Among the pardoned is M. Venizelos, prime mover in the March revolution, who now declares he will never again intervene in politics

THE PASSING OF THE KING'S SISTER

Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Dies at Her Buckinghamshire Home

THE LATE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN MIDDLE AGE: A characteristic study of Her Royal Highness who, as a result of a severe hæmorrhage, died on Tuesday of this week at Coppins, Iver, Bucks, and whose funeral was arranged to take place to-day (Saturday) in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. She was sixty-seven years old—three years younger than the King—and had been in delicate health for many years, taking practically no part in public life and residing quietly in the country. The Princess was noted for her great sweetness of disposition and abounding kindliness

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: Princess Victoria driving with Queen Alexandra, to whom she was devoted and whom she resembled very closely. A picture taken on Rose Day in London in 1923

THE GARDEN AT COPPINS: Beautifully-cared-for grounds that were the Princess's special pride. In earlier days another of her hobbies was cycling, and she is pictured below (*left centre*) about to start out for a ride with her sister, Princess Maud

Below—THE PRINCESS'S HOME: The drawing-room at Coppins, where Her Royal Highness frequently entertained the King and Queen when they visited her at week-ends

The Coming Naval Conference

Five Great Powers to Participate

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS, R.N. (Ret.)

ON Monday next in the Locarno room of the Foreign Office the Prime Minister will open the third great naval conference held since the great war. The five signatory Powers to the Washington Treaty of 1922—Great Britain, the United States, Japan, France, and Italy—will be present. The Governments of India and the British Dominions will also be represented, so that there will be eleven delegations in all.

It has been a much-postponed conference. More than a year ago delegations of the three major naval Powers were taking part in conversations in London with a view to arranging the date and venue of the conference and its agenda. But these conversations revealed so wide a divergence of views and so small a prospect of agreement that they were adjourned *sine die*. Since then numberless exchanges of view and incessant diplomatic activity have been taking place, and some weeks ago it was announced that a conference was at last to be held. The date was fixed for December 2, to be postponed later to December 5 in deference to Japanese wishes. From December 5 it was put off to December 6, and then to December 9 on account of the late sailing of the U.S. delegation.

And so the conference is to assemble at the very end of the year, and at the very end of the time laid down by treaty, for both the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922 and the London Naval Treaty of 1930 specify that a conference must be held before the end of the current year.

When he left the United States last Saturday Mr. Norman Davis, head of the American delegation to the conference, stated that the problems awaiting the conference were "unquestionably difficult and serious." Nobody with any knowledge of the diverse claims and views of the conferring Powers will say that Mr. Norman Davis has exaggerated.

Thirteen years ago at Washington the right of naval parity with the British Empire was conferred upon the United States. Except in the matter of capital ships, which were already afloat, however, America made no attempt to make this parity an accomplished fact. Japan was therefore more or less content with the five to three ratio of strength which the treaty conferred upon her. In 1930 there followed the London Naval Treaty. This treaty was built up on the main provision of the Washington Treaty. In effect, it was an annexe to the Washington Treaty, which extended the system of limitation to practically all categories of fighting ships.

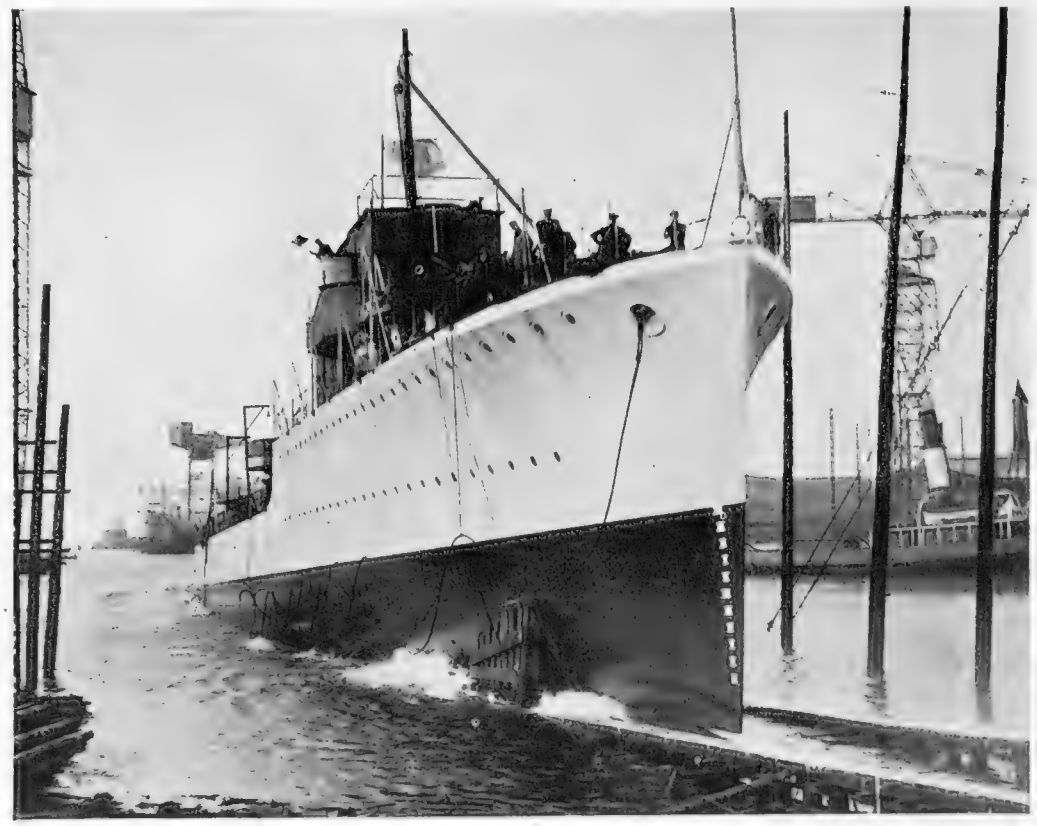
Although a treaty was signed, it soon proved itself to be that most dangerous of all instruments, a treaty of discontent. Both France and Italy refused to ratify that part of the treaty which contained the main limitation clauses. Japan soon realised that the acceptance of a ratio of inferiority was a serious disability when applied ruthlessly to all classes of warships. The British Empire soon realised that her negotiators had gone too far in sacrifice in order to achieve agreement—a realisation made the more bitter by the refusal of France and Italy to ratify the agreements. Only America remained aloof and apparently content.

But not for long. Political considerations in the United States and anxiety regarding the intentions of Japan in Northern China led to the passage of the Vinson Bill. America was no longer content with parity in principle only. Large building programmes were approved. America would, in actual fact, have a navy equal to the strongest in the world. Reaction in Japan was immediate. The ratio of inferiority became invidious; a slight on the national pride and a betrayal of the highest virtue of patriotism. There followed conversations. Then the denunciation of the Washington Treaty by Japan. The ratio system was declared dead, for Japan would accept no ratio other than equality, while the United States has set its face implacably against the parity of Japan.

Here lies the main problem of the conference. Some means must be found for bridging the gulf between these two seemingly irreconcilable points of view. The only alternative is large scale naval competition in the Pacific, competition which will inevitably spread almost at once to the whole of the rest of the world, for Europe is at present in a situation where failure to agree must lead at once to competitive armaments.

Italy can hardly be said to be in mood conciliatory. Last year she complicated the naval situation by laying down two immense battleships—the first battleships proper to be laid down in the world for twelve years. France replied by voting two ships of similar size. This year, also, has seen the naval rearmament of Germany at an almost phenomenal rate.

The problems before the conference are indeed "difficult and serious." There are, however, aspects which lighten the gloom. Perhaps chief among these is the universal understanding of the position of the British Empire. Much has been said about the strengthening of our defences. The word "re-armament" has been used. It is well understood abroad, however, that the strengthening which is required is one to be achieved by replacement of old ships rather than any general increase. This, among nations desiring increases in their armaments, cannot but be a steadying influence.



LAUNCH OF A NEW DESTROYER: H.M.S. *Grenade*, one of a number of "G" Class ships now under construction, leaving the slipway at Messrs. Alex Stephens' yard at Glasgow. She will have a displacement of 1,350 tons, a speed of 35·5 knots, and an armament of four 4·7-in. guns

OUR CRUISER SHORTAGE

The Fleet's Most Pressing Need

Nelson's constant cry for more frigates has been repeated by practically every British Commander-in-Chief who has since led the fleet into action, the name cruisers being substituted for frigates as the type changed, but seldom with so much need as there would be were the country involved in war to-day. Never since the period 1860–1885 has the Navy been so ill-supplied with cruisers, and in those days there was at least the satisfaction that there were very few in other countries, whereas to-day the great naval powers are particularly well supplied.

It is not possible to measure cruisers by the American "yard stick" as it sometimes may be with capital ships; although of course a superior foreign force has to be met, Britain's cruiser force is the minimum needed for definite purposes, especially the protection of trade and food lanes. No other naval power has the same need for a cruiser fleet; either they have no food lanes to be protected or, as in the case of Japan, the overseas supplies are drawn from a short distance which calls for quite a different type.

After very careful consideration Britain's cruiser needs were fixed at seventy units on the experience of the war, considering the number required to screen the capital ships, to patrol trade lanes and to form convoys, with a small balance to form a "flying squadron" to be sent to any point and to run down particular raiders. Under political pressure this minimum was reduced to fifty units although it was obvious, and acknowledged, that such a force could not do the work demanded and afford adequate protection.

At the present time there are fifty-five cruisers now on the list, of which three have been paid off for disposal, although no shipbreaker has yet come forward to purchase them. Out of the fifty-two left, no less than twenty are over the agreed maximum effective age, sixteen years from the date of completion. These are two ships of the Hawkins type, six of the "D" class, and twelve of the "C" class. Even so, of the thirty-two which remain as effectives, against the seventy which was the considered minimum, eight are of war-time design and are only in the effective list because their construction was slacked down almost to suspension point; some of them took as long as eight years to build instead of the normal two, so that their design is naturally inferior to foreign ships which, of even date for treaty purposes, were laid down six years later. The "C" class which still features largely on the list was designed for a special purpose in the North Sea before and during the war with Germany, and its ships have only been used on foreign stations for want of something more suitable.

To make up for the deficiences in this fleet there now eleven cruisers building and authorised and it appears to be the intention of the new Government to give the other Powers ample time to state their views before any real effort is made to build up the fleet to its level of under-age ships.

Age is, perhaps, more important in a cruiser than it is in any other type of warship except for the destroyer, for it not only shows in efficiency of design, and ability to use power to the best advantage, but in speed and still more in engine reliability; condenser and boiler trouble is generally constant in an old ship and British cruisers must keep the seas in all circumstances and at all times if they are to fulfil their main function of preserving food supplies.

When the Washington Conference fixed the maximum displacement of a cruiser at 10,000 standard tons, and the calibre of her guns at 8 in., the maximum immediately became the minimum in accordance with human nature, and all the navies of the world wasted a lot of their resources on the 10,000-ton Washington "tin-clads," which cost immense sums, but which find favour with very few. The standards were fixed on account of the existence of the British Hawkins type—ships having a displacement of nearly 10,000 tons with a speed of 30 knots and a weak armament of only seven 7·5-in. guns, six bearing on the broadside. These ships, designed to run down disguised raiders during the war, led to the 10,000-ton Washington type mounting eight or ten 8-in. guns, all bearing on the broadside, a speed of from 32 to 35 knots, with, unfortunately, very little protection.

Britain was the first to break away from the fetish of this maximum design; in the Cathedral class she reduced the size and power of the 8-in. ship and made every effort to secure international agreement on a much smaller type with a maximum gun calibre of six inches. In this we were only partly successful.

The 7,000-ton Leander class has a speed of 32½ knots and an armament of eight 6-inch guns. The French and Italians, who refused to sign the London Treaty and are not bound by it, are building ships on somewhat the same lines, the former the Marseillaise class of 7,700 tons, 31 knots, armed with nine 6·1 in. guns and the latter the Garibaldi class, 6,791 tons, no less than 37 knots, armed with eight 6-in. guns. The Americans and Japanese, while willing to limit the gun calibre, would not agree to the British proposals for size; the American Savannah class has a displacement of 10,000 tons, a speed of 32½ knots, and an armament of fifteen 6-in. guns, while the Japanese, who can always do more on a given displacement than any other nation, have brought the tonnage of the Mogami class down to 8,500, with a speed of 33 knots and an armament of fifteen 6·1-in. guns. This has caused the most recent British cruisers which are now completing, the Town class, to be built with a displacement of 9,000 tons and a battery of twelve 6-in. guns.

Frank C. Bowen

COAST AND COUNTRYSIDE

THE CHRISTMAS RELIEF: On account of the heavy swell the Trinity House vessel *Satellite* had to make several attempts before it was successful in relieving the lonely Wolf Lighthouse which lies between Penzance and the Scillies on one of the roughest stretches of coast around Britain. In this picture the 2nd officer of the *Satellite* is seen being transferred to the rock in order to assist the ingoing keepers in taking on stores and baggage

OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT: A fisherman seated on a giant whale and holding a baby whale which he found on the shores of the Wash, near King's Lynn, where, during recent weeks, a number of these mammals have been stranded

DEATH THROES: A monster bottled-nosed whale—one of forty stranded on a two-mile stretch of beach near Carnoustie, Forfarshire—lashing the shallow water with its tail and stirring up the sand. Zoologists admit to being puzzled by the recent cases of whales being washed ashore in England, Scotland, South Africa, and Tasmania, but the most generally accepted explanation is that they are victims of the herd instinct, entrusting their safety entirely to one leader. If his navigation is at fault, or upset by abnormal currents and tides, the whole "school" suffers

CENTRAL SCOTLAND IN WINTER'S GRIP: A picturesque scene on the hill road between Muckhart and Dunning, Eastern Perthshire, after a heavy fall of snow last week end

MASS TRAGEDY: Dead whales, some weighing as much as 2 tons and measuring as much as 20 ft. in length, lying on the beach near Carnoustie, Forfarshire. When they are stranded in this fashion they are of little or no commercial value, and, as a result, they have now been buried by order of the local medical officer of health

PREVENTING A TOTAL LOSS: A diver at work plugging holes in the hull of the 1,600-ton Danish vessel *Elizabeth*, which a month ago was wrecked on a sunken reef near Campbeltown, Argyllshire, and which it is now hoped to salve. When the ship has been made watertight the holds will be pumped dry and tugs will then attempt to drag her off the rocks

A WONDER WINDOW

A Masterpiece of Sixteenth-Century Flemish Stained Glass Comes into the Auction Room

This extremely fine example of ecclesiastical stained glass depicting scenes from the life of the Virgin Mary, was acquired by the Rev. Richard Ridge at the time of the sale of Culford Manor, Suffolk, where it was discovered in an attic. It was offered for sale at Sotheby's yesterday. It is of Flemish origin, dating probably from the time of Charles V (16th century), when art in this medium prospered; it is about 25 ft. high by 6 ft. 9 in. wide, and such restorations to it as have been necessary in the past have quite evidently been executed with great skill by a first-class artist. The colours are unusually brilliant and include two or three superb shades of blue, also yellow, red, green, and manganese full of depth and richness. The draughtsmanship, too, is particularly sensitive, the general design masterly, and the drapery has qualities of texture said to be rarely found in glass of any period. The left-hand panel in the second tier from the top represents "the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," depicting her at the top of the steps, surrounded by priests and elders. This contains some of the best glass in the window

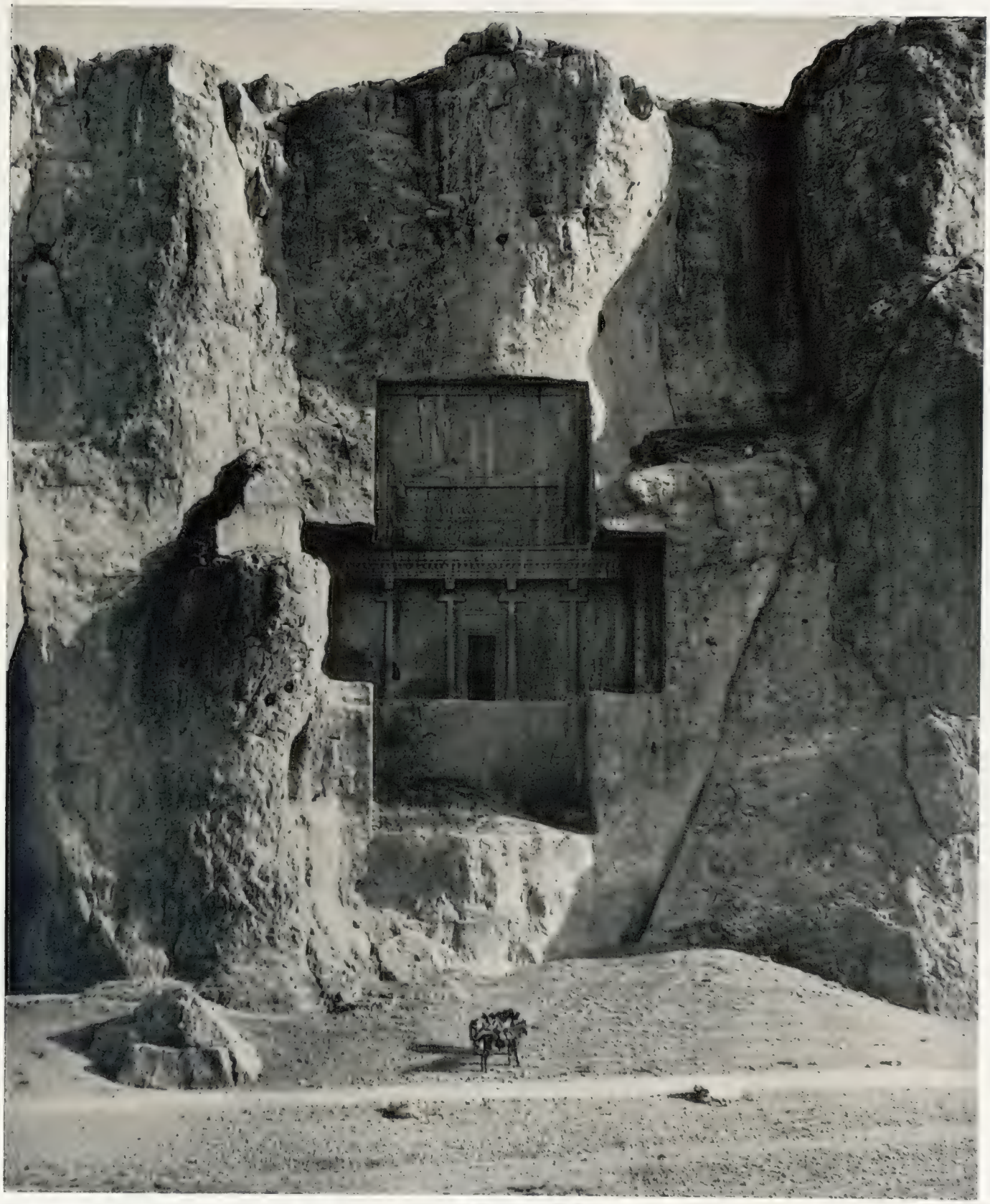
POLITICS AND SPORT: Mr. Huband, the manager, with Hibbs the brilliant Birmingham goalkeeper (*seated on left*), Barker of Derby County (*seated on right*), and other members of the English team which met Germany at White Hart Lane, London, last Wednesday in spite of the protests of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, which actually went as far as to send a deputation to Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, appealing to him to prohibit the match

BEAUTY ON PARADE: Some of the girls who appeared before a judge at the Fortune Theatre, where they offered themselves for selection as mannequins at the next British Industries Fair

THE NEW FILM CENSOR: Lord Tyrrell of Avon, a former British Ambassador in Paris and Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (1907-1915) who has been appointed to the post rendered vacant by the death of the Right Hon. Edward Shortt

THE FIRST SKIPPER OF "QUEEN MARY" WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER: Sir Edgar Britten, who is at present in command of *Berengaria* and who has just been appointed to the command of the new Cunard White Star liner. He began his career in sail in the '90s and joined the Cunard Company thirty-four years ago. Last Tuesday he paid his first visit to his new charge and spent the whole day examining her

WHERE DARIUS THE CONQUEROR RESTS



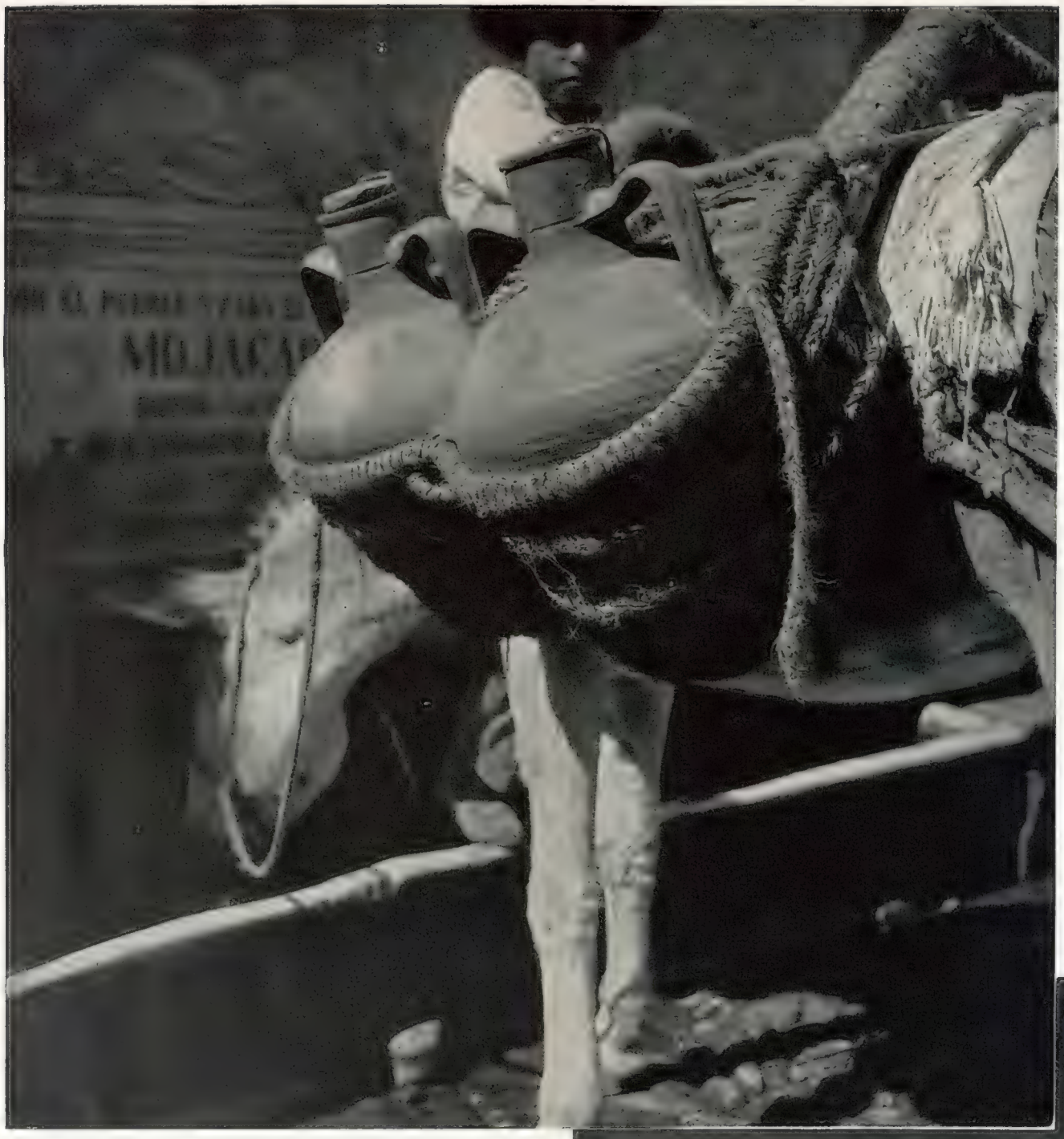
THE ROYAL NECROPOLIS AT NAKSH-I-RUSTEM: The tomb of Darius set in a steep cliff, about two miles from Persepolis, with the face of the rock smoothed off and then carved to form a façade. The lower portion is unadorned, but above this is a broader band, in which the columned porch of a palace is represented, while higher still is a third field in which a sculptor has depicted the King standing on a throne platform supported by his conquered subjects. The burial chamber within the cliff is severely plain, and in the floor are found a number of troughs cut from the rock to receive the bodies of the monarch's relatives. There are several of these sepulchres at Naksh-i-Rustem, and all follow the same type which is entirely Persian in origin

The Excavation of Persepolis

Right—THE HEAD OF A WAR HORSE: A striking picture taken a short while ago amid the ruins of Persepolis, where the University of Chicago's Persian Expedition is still working on and around the great palace platform of the kings, clearing away the debris, and revealing treasures that have for centuries been lost to sight

JARS in SPAIN

Life in Mojacar, a Picturesque Town of Andalusia



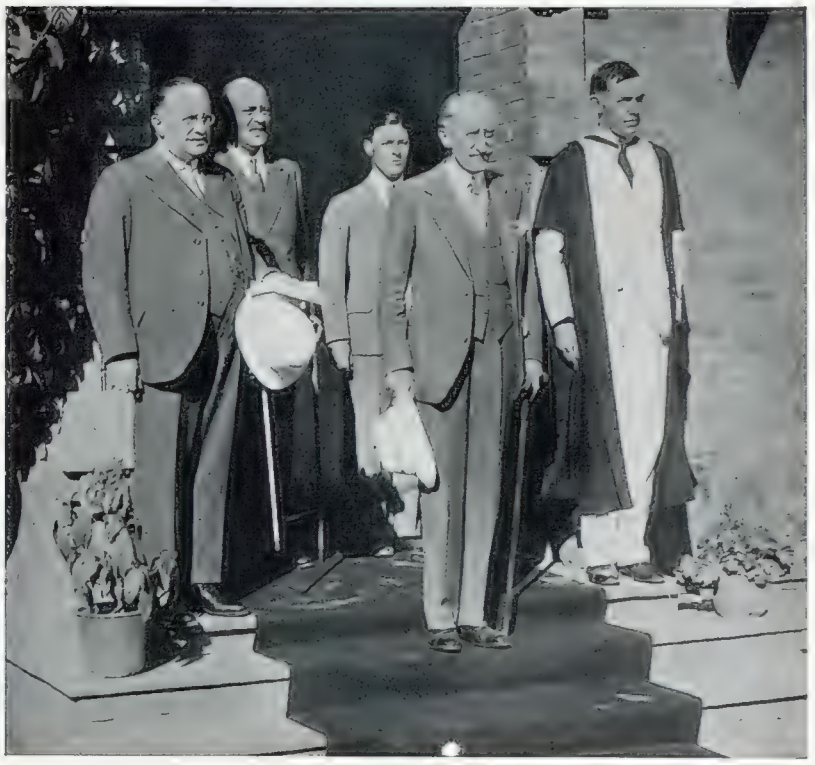
AT THE TROUGH: The donkey, its panniers laden with heavy jars, drinks its fill in the little square at Mojacar before starting out from the town on the long homeward journey

WASHING DAY: Peasant folk on the way to the fountain with their linen, and carrying the heavy jars in which they bring home the day's water supply. *On Right*—An old woman and her daughter, the former wizened by the hot sun and warm inland winds which are such a feature of the long Andalusian summer

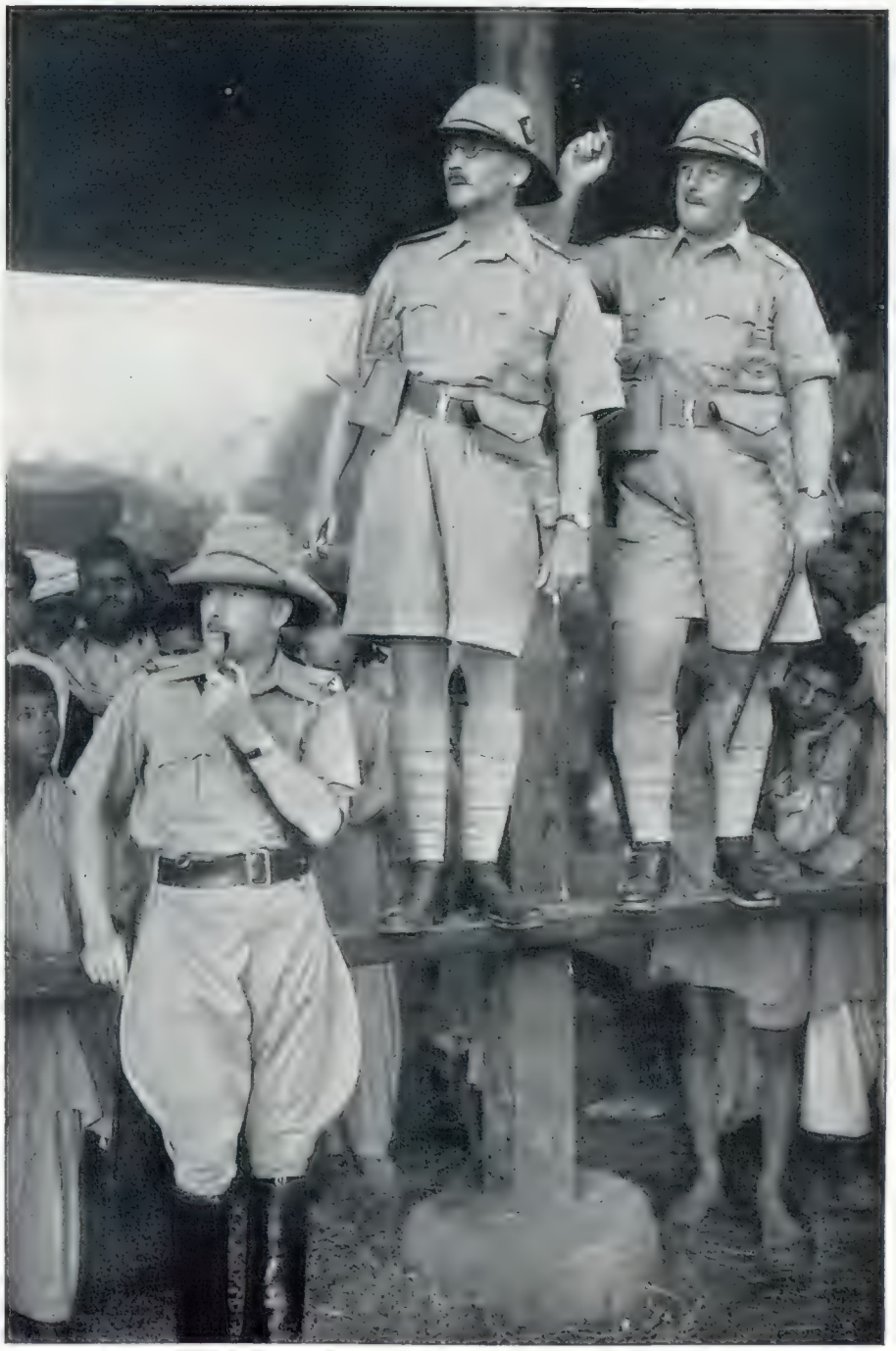
HAPPENINGS IN INDIA

More Demonstrations in Lahore, and Other Matters

RELIGIOUS PAGEANTRY IN CAWNPORE: A drummer-boy dressed in gaily-coloured silks, with elaborately embroidered banners hanging on either side of his mount, taking part in the procession through the city during the Mazi Durramshi, the great annual Hindu festival



THE INDIAN ETON: Lord Willingdon, the retiring Viceroy, seen after opening the new public school at Dehra Dun, the first of its kind in the country, which is being run entirely on British lines. On the left is Sir Frank Noyce, chairman of the Board of Management, and on the right is Mr. A. E. Foot, the Headmaster



THE RACE RIOTS: The objection by Muslims to the demolition by Sikhs of an old mosque, which was believed to be in danger of collapse, was the originating cause of disturbances which occurred in Lahore last summer and recently broke out afresh, causing considerable bloodshed and tension throughout India. The above pictures were taken some days ago in Lahore and show *(left)* Muslims carrying spears, axes, and banners marching through the city, and *(right)* a party of British officers watching the progress of the demonstrators and holding themselves ready to intervene in case of serious trouble.

LISTENING-IN TO A CONTINENT: An operator at the switchboard of the apparatus installed by the Union Internationale de Radiophonie at Uccle, Brussels, in order to check up on the activities of Europe's broadcasting stations and ascertain whether they are faithfully observing the Lucerne wavelength statute. Defaulters are immediately instructed and tactfully requested to conform to the regulations

EUROPE'S WONDER VILLA

"The Scotland Yard of the Ether" where a Daily Watch is Kept on Broadcasting Stations in Order to Prevent Their Interfering with Each Other

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE PRESIDING GENIUS: M. Raymond Braillard, the inceptor and head of the Brussels Wireless Laboratory in the suburb of Uccle

UCCLE is an attractive suburb of Brussels, abutting on the Bois de la Cambre, which is on the road to Waterloo. It is known, among other things, as "where the English live," and one's experience of foreign capitals is that such chosen district usually possesses attributes of site and of calm above the average.

Walk up a peaceful avenue of November trees and pause at a semi-detached villa. There is nothing out of the ordinary about this villa unless it be that it shows an aerial on the roof, such wireless appendages growing rarer. How-be-that, our inconspicuous villa houses some of the highest marvels of the times. It can rightly be called Europe's wonder villa. By means of astonishing gadgets and inventions the ether of all Europe is policed, everything overheard and checked and docketed, thanks to the magical operations unceasingly executed within this common-or-garden suburban home. A more fitting label still might be "the Scotland Yard of the Ether." Without this quiet villa Europe's broadcasting would make positive unbridled Bedlam. The whistlings, the jammings, the crackling, the fading, the explosives, the clamour, the oratory, the propaganda, the daily programmes, the musical riot, would combine to fashion just the most awful din ever to assault human ears. Do not let us think about it . . . about Europe *sans* Uccle. Rather let us step inside and hear and see how our legion of allotted wavelengths are controlled. Just at present this is done by making not less than 450 minute measurements nightly, and the total will steadily increase as and when additional space is forthcoming.

In the words of Uccle's radio dictator, one whose technical brilliance can only be exceeded by his remarkable tact in telling foreign broadcasting units (in the language of the day) where they get off: "We police the ether and see that all transmission regulations are carried out. If any of Europe's vast number of sending stations offend we let them know at once, and try to help them avoid causing further interference. Pursuing this policy of peaceful persuasion we have up till now, in the nine years since our installation here as an insignificant and uncertain control, sent out about ten thousand warnings. Our experience has been that quite 90 per cent. of such interventions have been followed by definite improvement, usually by a return to the laid-down normal within two or three hours of the receipt of our 'advice.' We may write or telegraph or telephone; it depends on special circumstance. It is our further belief that about 5 per cent. of sinners honestly are unable faithfully to observe the Lucerne wavelength statute, either for reasons of personnel, material, or siting. A final 5 per cent. simply refuse to conform, and they represent one of our problems. They will take weeks and even months acquainting us why, for political or other reasons, they cannot fall in line."

The speaker is Raymond Braillard, inceptor and head of the Brussels wireless laboratory and president of the U.I.R. (Union Internationale de Radiophonie). The story of M. Braillard's current activities really does merit that cliché about reading like a fairy-tale. I quote from one of the earliest visitors to the wonder villa, who recently had occasion to return there:—

"When the original policing policy came into force in 1926 under the style. 'Geneva Plan,' one could not just go out and acquire a wavemeter for checking wavelength constancy at a distance, especially if expense were a consideration. It accordingly devolved that Professor Braillard had to devise and construct his own wave-measuring apparatus, and this was installed to begin with in an unoccupied corner of his garage. There stood the first policing gear for all Europe's ether. Every corner of the Continent could be heard and controlled from just behind his automobile, though, of course, far less accurately than is the case to-day. Whistling, crackling, melody, propaganda — the whole gamut of early broadcasting came through to that garage corner. When operations began, accuracy was of the order of 1 in 10,000. To-day it has reached 1 in 1,000,000. Otherwise said, when measuring a kilometre (five-eighths of a mile), this can be effected with an accuracy of plus/minus 1 millimetre (a fragment of an inch). Because M. Braillard is obliged continually to improve upon the exactitude of his apparatus, which requires to be enlarged and added to as broadcasting increases in volume, his present villa will not suffice indefinitely, nor, indeed, very much longer. One has only to visit the main room to realise the cramped conditions already prevalent."

This is so. The room in question is densely packed with gadgets and apparatus whose principal items are the frequency measuring gear, the same for assessing modulation, and the field strength explorer. Already, you observe, I have failed to keep outside the (to me, at any rate) largely incomprehensible technical jargon of the wonder villa; yet I shall not insist, merely throwing in that frequency, selectivity, synchronisation, modulation, kilocycle, scintillation, wobbling, heterodyne wavemeter, calibration, field-measuring, super het.—but perhaps we'll stop at super het. I merely desire to add that such terms, are tossed about ever so lightly at Uccle, as who should say: "What about coming out to lunch now?"

The radio League of Nations, whose "Geneva Secretariat" the wonder villa embodies, has effected over 800,000 wave measurements since its inception. Charts, graphs, and card indexes tell the tale in minutest detail. These first radio archives in history form something of a romance in themselves. Complete wavelength charts for every European station have been kept since 1930. These are issued monthly, together with graphs of two vital accompanying factors, depth of modulation and the field strength of sending stations.

The first may cause severe interference by "wobbling" unless maintained under constant check. The second has just led to the invention by Professor Divoire and M. Braillard of the "field strength explorer" which constitutes a great advance and, it is hoped, may lead directly up to the acquisition of data that will enable the whole wavelength system at present in operation to be recast, perhaps, as early as next summer. Hitherto, the measuring of the strength of sending stations could only be done one at a time. Now, the entire cycle of "exploration" of European stations can be effected in eleven minutes, thanks to the new instrument. This enables graphical records of all fluctuations in transmission to be established at regular time intervals throughout each day. Uccle can have all the vagaries of sending immediately transmitted to paper each fresh time that M. Boulanger, head of the checking department, desires to know how Europe's scores of stations are sticking absolutely to the rules or are wandering outside them. There should be stress on that word "absolutely" since it permeates everything done in the wonder villa, whose whole control merit reposes in the strictest obedience to absolute accuracy, to ensure which the most intricate apparatus has to be calibrated many times a day to the last degree of exactitude.

At the present time the "exploring" of sending-strength is being complicated by extra-terrestial interference in the shape of greater solar activity which is having the effect of doubling the strength of quite a number of stations. It is of no avail to send complaints to these. M. Braillard knows that it is not their fault but—sunspots! By one of those unsolved but so-fascinating twists of the outer atmosphere, sunspots can be good enough for long-distance transmission, but may lead to stations thousands of miles apart irrevocably jamming one another. The Uccle villa naturally is intensely interested in all matters of interference—M. Braillard was recently in London on this score (and also to compliment the B.B.C. on its No. 1 steadiness of transmission). The current majority view is that electrical interference or crackle can only be definitely checked and held by international legislation. Technicians have shown, for instance, how electrical interference from every type of machinery can be stopped. It remains only to agree upon exactly how much of it should be stopped, and when. The estimate is that noises caused by electrical machinery and domestic apparatus are quite impairing the listening of millions of radio fans.

At Uccle, the opinion was expressed that there must be in the future a marked improvement in the quality of reproduction of receiving sets. This is a major issue. "High frequencies make all the difference between intelligibility and unintelligibility of speech. A reduction in the number of wave channels would automatically emanate from the better quality of receiving sets, and to obtain this the new anti-fading aerials are being relied upon to secure important results." But perhaps here we are treading ground too technical—although the number among the general public who are conversant with the technicalities of broadcasting augments ever, and is astonishing if one harken back a few years. In my own case, I fear I have been left very far behind.

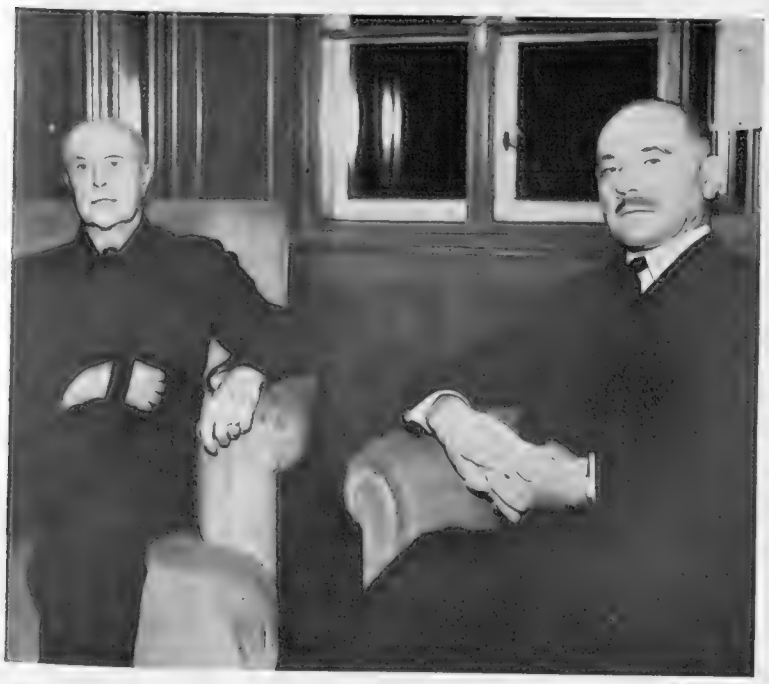
Need one say that on sauntering away from the wonder villa, down that avenue of November trees, near the road to Waterloo, an obvious reflection refused to be put from mind? Here one had all Europe save a miserable 5 per cent. of fatheads utterly and of their own free will obeying a call for common peace in the ether. They only did so because it was in their own interest. Nevertheless, dozens of stations have had to submit to the golden law of give and take in order to achieve this peace. Berlin has conceded this to Paris, and Moscow has done no less with Prague or Rome or vice versa (I speak figuratively). Give and take above us, but not a scrap below, between the nations themselves. And there's nothing doing until there is.

IN MIDDLE EUROPE NOW

News from Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia

On left—A RUMANIAN DISTRESSED AREA: Child refugees at a station when on their way to Bucharest from the province of Bessarabia, whence they have been driven by a long continued drought and bad harvests, which have caused famine throughout the area

CUTTING THE TAPE: Prince Paul, Chief Regent of Yugoslavia, declaring open the new railway bridge over the Danube at Belgrade a few moments before the first train crossed. The bridge is named after Peter II, the boy King



CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S VETERAN LEADER: M. Masaryk (*left*), the President of the Republic, who is now in his 86th year and whose resignation from office on account of poor health was foreshadowed last week. He is pictured here receiving Dr. Milan Hodza on his promotion to the post of Premier

A ROYAL SHOOTING PARTY: Crown Prince Michael in conversation with Sir Reginald Hoare, the British Minister to Bucharest, during a recent shoot organised on the occasion of Queen Marie of Yugoslavia's visit to Rumania. The latter is, of course, a sister of King Carol and the widow of the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia

THE FASTNESSES OF SOUTHERN TIGRÉ: This remarkable aerial picture of the region to the south of Makale, now held by Ras Kassa, Governor of Amhara, was taken, with a camera fitted with a telephoto lens, by a photographer *(seen on right)* who received the Emperor Haile Selassie's permission to carry out a survey of the northern front. From this view it is possible to gain an excellent idea of the tremendous difficulties now confronting the Italians, who before making their advance through the valleys will first have to capture the surrounding heights, and, even then, are likely to be harassed by the guerilla tactics of the Abyssinians

A NEUTRAL CAMERA AT THE FRONT

Scenes from Both Sides of the Lines

On left—EARLY MASS: Italian troops attending an open-air service—a typical Sunday morning scene on the northern front. The camouflaged tents in the foreground and background are of the standard pattern now in use in the army and merge most effectively into the surrounding countryside

KEEPING IN TOUCH: Operating a portable wireless set—an instrument that is playing a large part in the Italian advance, enabling headquarters to keep in the closest possible touch with every unit

G.H.Q.: Marshal de Bono's headquarters in the Adowa sector, which are advantageously situated on the heights above the town and have now been taken over by Marshal Badoglio, the new Italian Commander-in-Chief who arrived in East Africa last Thursday. Note the long-range telescope

THE ITALIAN INVASION CHECKED IN THE NORTH

Attempting to Negotiate Difficult Terrain near Makale—Transport Lorries in Difficulties

Drawn by D. Macpherson

THE THEATRE OF WAR: A sketch map showing (black arrows) the progress of the Italian advance last week at the time of the supersession of Marshal de Bono. On the left flank General Santini's corps appears to have been having endless trouble with detachments of Abyssinians ensconced in the mountains north-east of Makale, while in the Tembien massif, on the right flank, it was reported that General Biroli and General Maravigna were finding immense difficulty in dislodging Ras Seyum and a small force of his followers. The two white crosses on this map indicate where the Italians have been meeting with most resistance

CONFUSION ON THE ADIGRAT-MAKALE "ROAD": Attempting to drag a transport lorry back on to the track after a typical mishap caused by the general congestion and the uneven nature of the surface. A month ago it was reported that over fifteen vehicles had had to be abandoned as a result of accidents, and it appears that since then there has been no noticeable improvement in communications between the main bases in Eritrea and the front

Where Mechanised Forces will be Useless

Expert observers of the situation on the Abyssinian front are generally agreed that Italy is now entering on the most difficult stage of the campaign, and that in making further advances she is confronted, metaphorically and actually, with an uphill fight, the advantage now lying with the defenders in spite of their inadequate weapons. South of Makale are almost impenetrable mountains and deep, jungle-choked gorges, and if the Italians successfully "storm" the great natural bastions in this region it will, in the words of one commentator, "be only by performing military miracles." Here neither tanks nor any other mechanised equipment would be of value, and even mules would be hard put to it to make progress along the precipitous tracks.

In the middle of last week, when Marshal Badoglio arrived in East Africa to take over the command from Marshal de Bono, the situation was approximately as follows: In the mountains north-east of Makale General Santini, assisted by General Marrioti's column from the Danakil country, and Colonel Lorenzini's Camel Corps was, in spite of tremendous numerical strength, not making any appreciable progress against an Abyssinian force whose numbers and whose leader were unknown. In the Tembien region, Ras Seyum was preventing a serious gap being closed up between the forces of General Biroli and General Maravigna. From all accounts the Ras had only a few men, the bulk of his warriors being already withdrawn, thus giving the impression that this brilliant Abyssinian leader is attempting to emulate the guerilla tactics so successfully employed by de Wet in the Boer War.

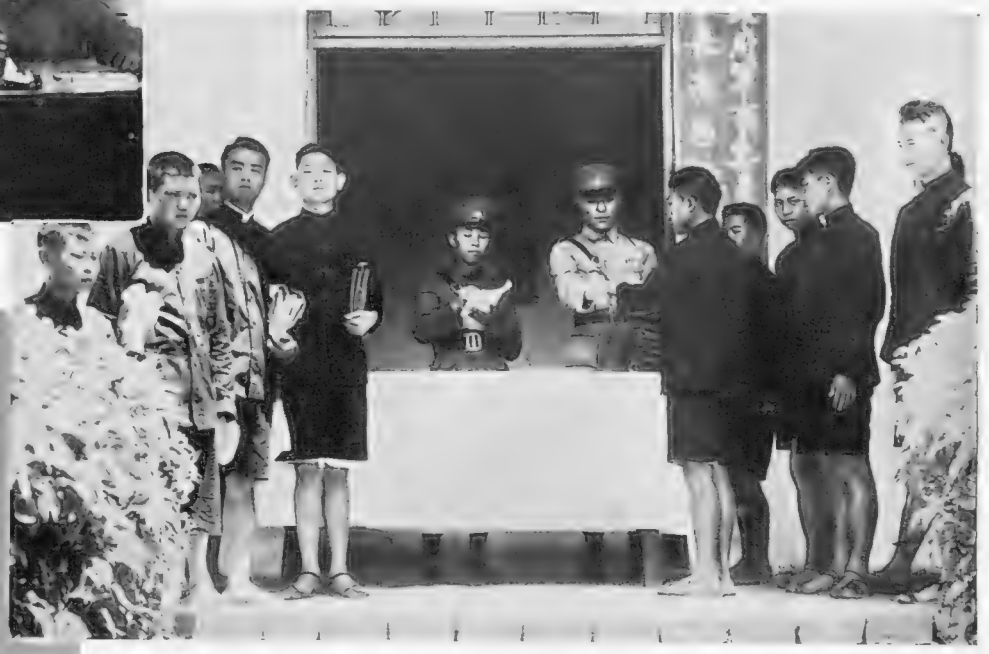
REFORMATORY FOR COMMUNISTS

A Chinese Government Institution for Turning "Reds" Into Good Citizens

A CHINESE BORSTAL: An armed guard outside the reformatory at Kuikiang, Kiangsi Province, where "communist" youths and their leaders receive a six months' period of training

A NEW ARRIVAL: Officials of the reformatory interrogating a youth captured by the Government forces. He was a member of one of the armies of outlaws which, under the guise of spreading the Communist faith, roam through the hinterland of China, pillaging wherever they go and murdering all who dare to defy them

AN OFFICERS' CLASS: Captured leaders who, like their young followers, were pardoned on condition they attended the school. They are mostly employed in writing anti-red propaganda



GRADUATION DAY: Youths receiving their diplomas after successfully passing the examination at the end of their six months' period of training and qualifying for enrolment in the Chinese army. Most of them are then sent out to the far west to fight against their former colleagues who are still at large. Those who are "ploughed" have to stay on

HELPING TO CREATE LAW AND ORDER: General Pei Chung-Hsi, one of the most competent leaders in the Chinese regular army, congratulating his troops after a recent victory over Communist forces. Among his men were many hundreds of graduates from the reformatory

ANOTHER ASPECT OF CHINESE EDUCATION: Young pupils at the American Board of Mission in Peking where excellent work is being done, the children receiving a course of sound religious and secular instruction under European masters and mistresses

A NATIVE MEKE (DANCE) AT NAILANGA : Fijian women giving a performance in honour of the Methodist missionaries who visited the Islands in October on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the arrival of the pioneer missionaries, Cross and Cargil, who came from neighbouring Tonga and set themselves the formidable task of converting a race of heathen cannibals to the truths of Christianity

REJOICINGS IN THE VILLAGE OF MATAWAILEVU : Native women dancing in front of their huts and, in the foreground, some of the mats which they brought as gifts to the visiting Methodist missionaries. Among the spectators was Miss H. Baker, who for over thirty years has worked among the aborigines of Australia, and who is a daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Baker, the only European who fell a victim in the struggle to establish Christianity in Fiji, being clubbed to death in 1867 by the cannibal mountaineers of Viti Levu

A MAIN ARTERY OF C
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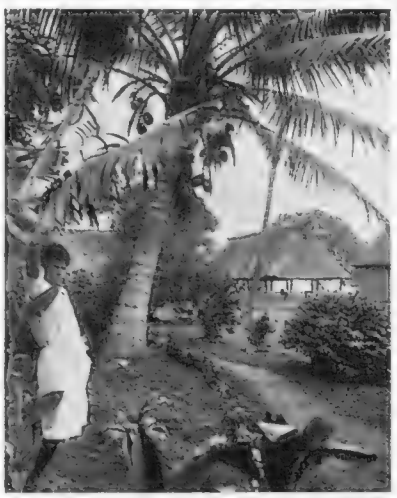
CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF CHRISTIANITY IN FIJI

Natives Take Part in the Festivities in Britain's Pacific Crown Colony on the 100th Anniversary of the Landing of the Pioneer Missionaries

RED-LETTER DAY: Fijians dressed in their best for the festivities at Nailanga—one of the chief events of the recent centenary celebrations

OF COMMERCE: The Rewa River on Viti Levu across which rse of construction; a picture taken from the famous Wesleyan Davuilevu, an institution where native students receive religious ion. It is situated about twelve miles from Suva, the Fijian capital



AN OLD NATIVE STRONGHOLD: Two pictures taken on the little island of Mbau which is associated with the name of Thakombau, the notorious cannibal who towards the end of his life became a Christian preacher. *Left*—The meeting house built for the reception of the Queen of Tonga and the party of visiting Methodists. *Right*—Shrubs on a hillside grown to form the date 1835–1935 in honour of the occasion

ONCE FIJI'S PREMIER STATE: The Island of Mbau where, in 1808, a Swedish sailor named Charles Savage, landed after being shipwrecked, and during a long sojourn there acquired a great ascendancy over the natives

LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES BRIDGE: The head of "The British Council for Relations with Other Countries"

Explaining Ourselves to the World

A New Organisation Dedicated to the Promotion Abroad of a Wider Appreciation of British Culture

By CHARLES GRAVES

EXACTLY a year has passed since a former Assistant Military Attaché, and one typist took a room in Shell Mex House. To-day Lieut.-Colonel Charles Bridge, D.S.O., M.C., has a staff of eight juniors and four seniors, and the active collaboration of six Government Departments besides the Foreign Office. His organisation is the British Council for Relations with Other Countries. Its aims and objects are to promote abroad a wider appreciation of British culture and civilisation by encouraging the study and use of the English language, to encourage cultural and educational interchanges between the United Kingdom and other countries, to provide opportunities for strengthening the bonds of the British cultural tradition in the self-governing Dominions, and to ensure continuity of British education in the Crown Colonies and Dependencies. Or, to put it much more briefly, to stop this country continuing its national habit of deprecating itself.

The grant for the first year from the British Treasury was £6,000, of which £1,500 was spent on sending new books abroad to various libraries in foreign countries. The cultural aspect of the Council is further maintained by the despatch every week of fifty copies of THE SPHERE to places as far distant as Iraq, Rio de Janeiro, Finland, Montevideo, and Tangier.

Its official birth was not registered before July, when the Prince of Wales invited the members to St. James's Palace and delivered a speech as patron. He had already acted as host to a hundred Swedish dendrologists and showed them over Fort Belvedere. In his speech the Prince was, as usual, succinct. "Of all the Great Powers, this country is the last in the field," he said, "in setting up a proper organisation to spread a knowledge and appreciation of itself in literature, art, science, and education—that is to say, to let the world know what it owes to British achievements in these spheres. Our failure to do this is due in part to our national shyness and in part also to our insularity, which led us to believe that the foreigner would come to us in any event, and that there was no need to offer him any special inducements, nor to care how much or how little he understood us and our somewhat haphazard way of doing things." The Prince went on to disclose the fact that nearly 200,000,000 people in the world already talk some English, but pointed out that the British Council is aiming at something more profound than just a smattering of English.

Perhaps the simplest way to explain the aims of this new organisation is that it is hoping to do for the rest of the world what the Overseas League does for the Empire, and what the English Speaking Union does for the United States. At the moment the British Council is concentrating on Europe. Lecturers like Rebecca West have gone to speak in Finland, Scandinavia, and the Baltic Provinces where English is now being made compulsory and, it is hoped, will become the lingua franca of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

The opposite number of the British Council across the Channel is the Alliance Française, which has been going three years and has now a membership of over half a million. Other lecturers going out under this scheme include Sir Dennison Ross, Miss Irene Ward, M.P., and Granville Barker. None of these lecturers is being paid a fee. All they get are 1st class fares and hotel accommodation. Last week-end Sir Josiah Stamp, under the auspices of the British Council, inaugurated the English section of the Higher Institute of Economic and Financial studies of Lisbon Technical University. An English Reader has also just been appointed there. This was very necessary, as the activity of the German Minister at Lisbon has resulted in German being put on the same level as French as a foreign language in the schools.

One of the problems that the British Council is tackling is the improvement in the standard of English teaching in foreign countries. In many places it is distinctly low. A committee has just been set up under Lord Riverdale, members of which propose to examine the chair of English literature in foreign universities and schools. Where there is room for improvement the teachers will be invited to England—to Exeter University College, for example—where they will be able to brush up their English. Another aim of the organisation is to see that foreign students over here have more opportunities of contact with nice English people.

The British Council must not be confused with the Travel Association of Great Britain. It goes to work in a different way. It does not advertise in foreign newspapers. It employs more indirect methods to acquire appreciation of this country's charm and culture. In a few weeks' time the Council will move to Chesham Place, Belgrave Square, to a fine house with forty years' lease which Sir John Power has given, together with £5,000. Lord Wakefield, by the way, has also given £1,000 a year for three years.

Until now the cultural side of British Exhibitions abroad in places such as Brussels, Paris, and Durban has been under the control of the Exhibition Department of Overseas Trade. After the Exhibition of British Graphic Arts in Bucharest which Queen Marie of Rumania is going to open very shortly, the task of presenting contemporary British art at such affairs is being vested in the British Council. Sculpture, painting, music, will all be represented. One day it is possible that the Applied Art Section at present run by the Board of Trade may also come under the ægis of the British Council. The theory is that psychological barriers can be broken down if only industry is made to appreciate this. Proof of this possibility is afforded by the great benefit that Dutch trade in this country enjoyed after the Dutch Exhibition in London. No doubt Chinese goods will also be sold in larger quantities over here following the present exhibition at the Royal Academy. At the present minute every nation is suffering enjoyably from rampant nationalism. It is high time, therefore, that Great Britain endeavoured to explain herself abroad, because if she does not do it, nobody is going to do it for her.

One of the Council's more recent activities was the hospitality it afforded to music critics from eighteen foreign countries. In their case all fares and accommodation were paid for by the Council, and in this way they had an opportunity of appreciating all the music that this country has to offer. Very shortly a Brazilian Professor of Tropical Medicine is coming over to lecture in London out of compliment to Lord Macmillan's visit to Brazil.

The British Council is still in its infancy, but it has great aspirations. One day it may even organise a Committee of Welcome to foreigners. Meantime it is co-ordinating the activities of the various societies, such as the British-Swedish, in foreign countries. Lantern slides, gramophone records (to the tune of 5,000), countless books, and even a troop of undergraduates—members of the O.U.D.S. and the Footlights—are being sent out, in this case to Rumania.

The chairman of the British Council is Lord Tyrrell, the new Film Censor. The members include Lord Balniel, Lord Lloyd, Mr. W. E. Rootes, Mr. William Graham, Sir Wilfred Davies, and Philip Guedalla. There are representatives of the Colonial Office, the Dominions Office, the Board of Education, the Department of Overseas Trade, the Scottish Education Department, the Board of Trade, and the Foreign Office. Already there are British Institutes in Florence, Paris, and Buenos Aires. These will form the model for those Institutes which the Council hopes to be instrumental in establishing throughout the world.

Let me end by quoting the Prince of Wales again: "It is true that since the war better travelling facilities abroad, and a considerable improvement in the manners and the attitude of our own tourists, have done much to kill the legend that the British all wear plus-fours and have prominent teeth. But we are still, individually and collectively, enormously misunderstood in foreign countries. Of all the causes of friction, misunderstanding is the most serious, and it is essential to-day that we should not allow our motives to be misconstrued—as they so frequently are—through sheer ignorance of our outlook and character. Other countries appreciate the importance of making themselves better known to the rest of the world. Let us therefore not be backward in undertaking a task of supreme importance to this country—not merely in a narrow, nationalist spirit, but in the general interest of international understanding and sympathy."

"THE GOSSIP PAGE"—A drypoint by S. Van Abbé

ARRIVING FOR THE MEET: The whips and hounds of the Essex and Suffolk Hunt crossing "the splash" in the main street of the picturesque village of Kersey. The country hunted over by this old-established pack is largely one of banks, ditches, plough, and woodland with very little pasture

The Rural Scene

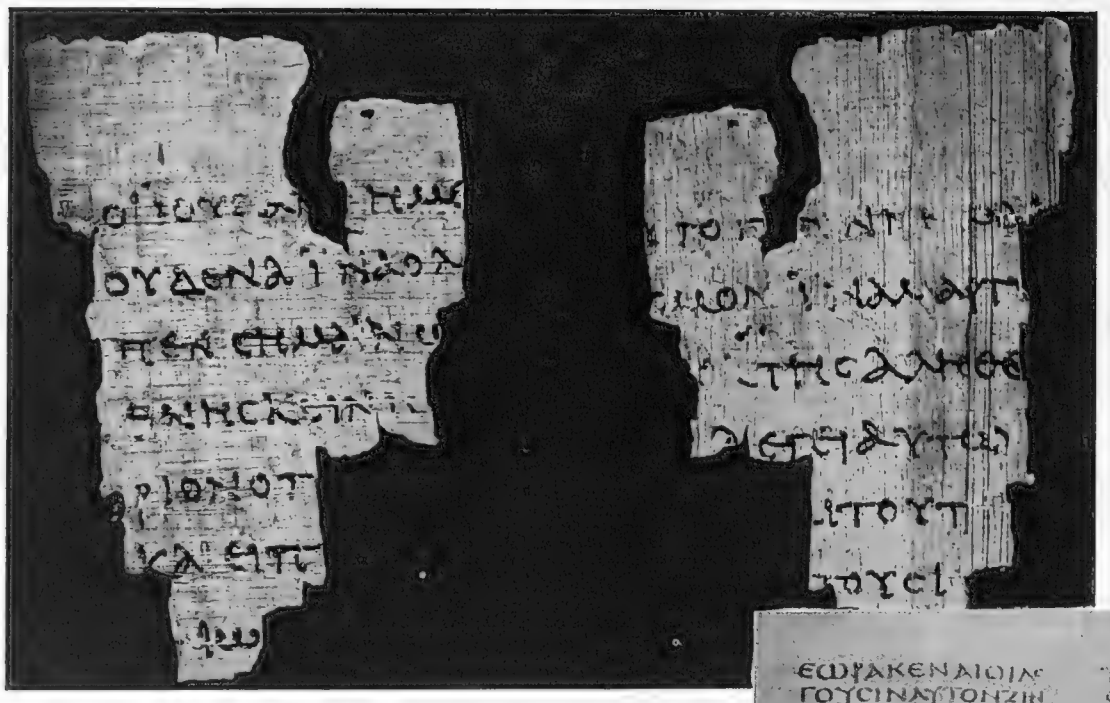
WINTER'S STARK BEAUTY: Trees mirrored in the lake created by the floods at Chertsey where the Thames overflowed its banks as a result of the recent torrential rains. At neighbouring Shepperton a new channel has been cut in order to minimise the effects of such occurrences

AMONG THE YOUNG ENTRY: Jane Whitelaw with her mother, Lady Allerton, at a recent meet of the Cottesmore at Whadborough Cross Roads. When she attains her majority Jane will be one of the richest girls in England

THE EARLIEST GOSPEL FRAGMENT

The Identification of a Portion of a Second-Century Manuscript at the John Rylands Library, Manchester

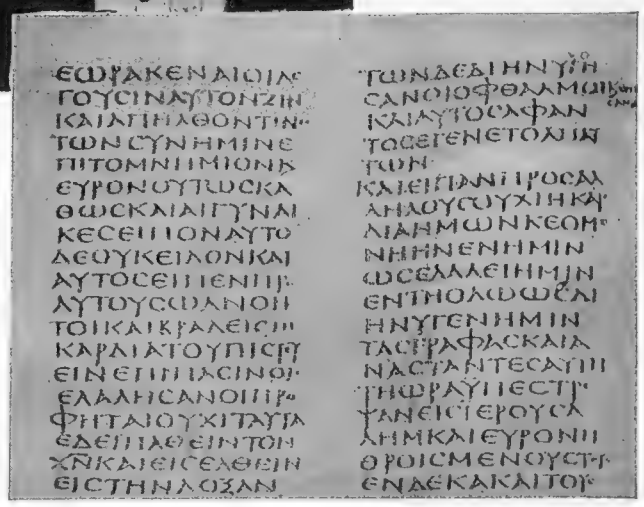
Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault at all.
—JOHN, Chapter 18, Verse 38.



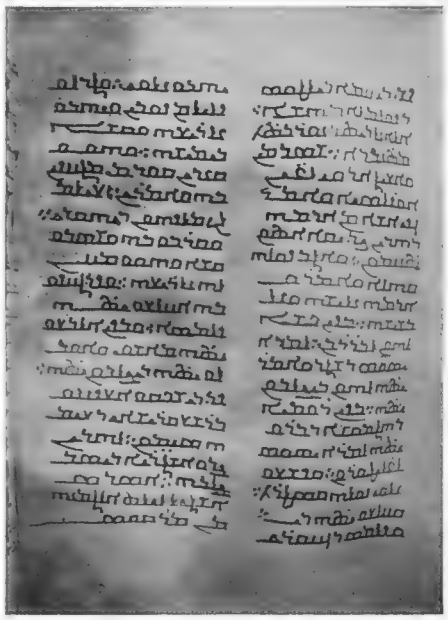
A PRICELESS FRAGMENT: This portion of a manuscript of St. John's Gospel, containing on one side part of verses 31-33, on the other of verses 37-38 of chapter xviii, belongs to the collection of Greek papyri in the John Rylands Library, Manchester. It was originally discovered in Egypt, and may have come from the famous site of Oxyrhyncus, the ruined city in Upper Egypt, where Grenfel and Hunt carried out some of the most startling and successful excavations in the history of archæology. The importance of this MS., which has only recently been identified, is quite out of proportion to its size, since it may with some confidence be dated in the first half of the second century A.D., and thus ranks as the earliest known fragment of the New Testament in any language. In addition it provides us with invaluable evidence of the spread of Christianity in areas distant from the land of its origin

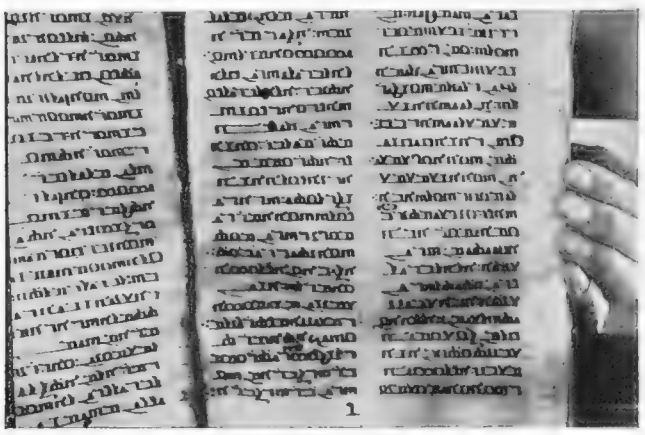
Full details of this remarkable fragment, "the earliest witness in the Gospel according to St. John," are set forth in a monograph just published by the Manchester University Press with a critical text by Mr. C. H. Roberts, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, who has recently been editing the Greek papyri in the John Rylands Library, and who himself identified the text of the fragment. In this connection thoughts of the layman will at once go to the famous Codex Sinaiticus "discovered" by Dr. Tischendorf, and recently acquired by the British Museum. Both are written in Greek, but it will be observed that the actual text of the Rylands Library fragment, and the Codex which is on vellum, differ considerably. The first is written in what is known as "Book Hand," while the famous Bible is in capital letters. The same applies to the Vatican Codex and the Bezae Codex at Cambridge. All these volumes are not earlier than the middle of the fourth century, whereas the Rylands Library fragment may take us back to about A.D. 125.

Greek, it is interesting to observe, is not the only text which concerns students of early versions of the scriptures. There is also the Syriac, the written form of the language which extended at one time from the Euphrates to the Palestine seaboard, and continued as a literary language among the early Christians from the fourth to the eleventh or twelfth centuries. There is a parchment version of the Gospel, written in Syriac, now preserved within the walls of St. Catherine's Monastery at Sinai, and there are also there preserved certain interesting lectionaries, or selections of the Gospel, written in Syriac, but dating much later, and giving evidence that this language was preserved to a very late date.

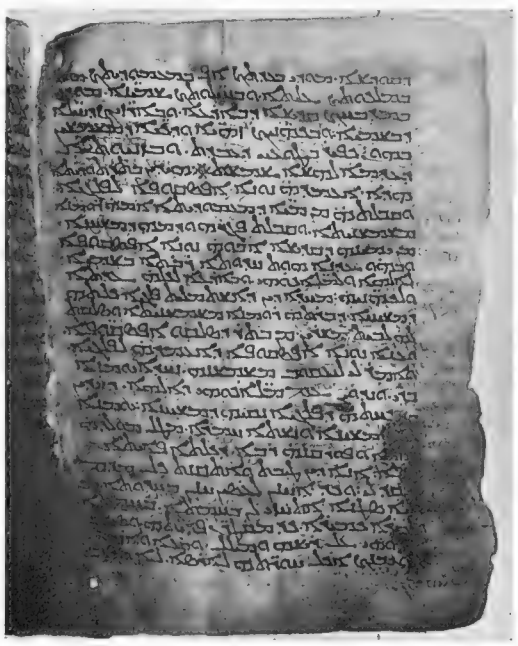


THE CODEX SINAITICUS: This relic of the fourth century which was acquired by Britain last year for the sum of £100,000, is the oldest existing almost complete Bible manuscript, but it is now almost certain that the fragment found in the John Rylands Library at Manchester is considerably older

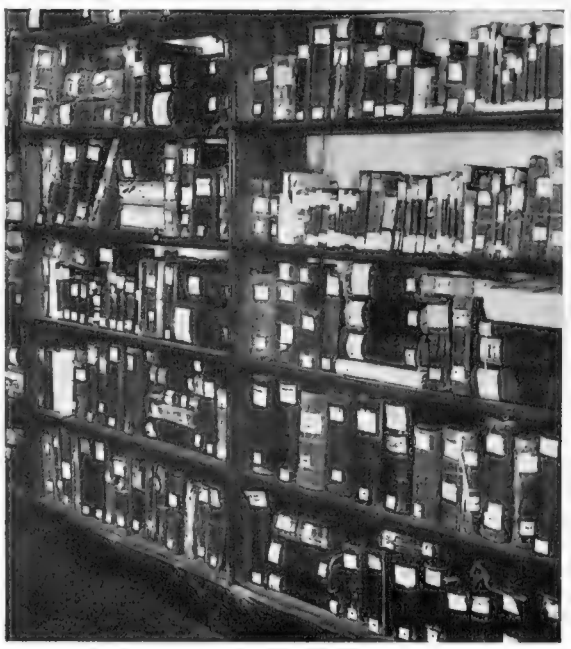




CODEX C AND CODEX B: Portions of two valuable Lectionaries of the gospel discovered in 1892 and 1893 in the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, that on the left having been written in A.D. 1118, and that on the right in A.D. 1104. They are both in the dialect of Syriac, a language that at one time was in use from the Euphrates to the Palestine seaboard and was evidently preserved to a very late date



A PALIMPSEST OF THE SYRIAC GOSPELS: A manuscript that probably dates from not later than the beginning of the fifth or the latter half of the fourth century. It was also discovered at Mount Sinai



THE MOUNT SINAI TREASURE HOUSE: Some of the rare manuscripts belonging to the convent of St. Catherine, where Friedrich Tischendorf, the German Biblical scholar, found the famous Codex Sinaiticus

With regard to the new discovery Mr. Roberts says, "Unfortunately the provenance of the papyrus cannot be exactly determined. It was one of a large number purchased for the library by the late B. P. Grenfell in 1920; the group to which it belongs consists of some literary texts and documents of the Ptolemaic and Roman periods, all of which are stated to have come either from the Fayum or from Oxyrhyncus. Clearly no deductions can be drawn from so small a fragment as to the affinities or qualities of the text itself . . . but it may well have some bearing on the wider problem as to the date of the Gospel according to St. John. Not only is it the earliest text of the Gospel, it is also most probably the earliest substantial evidence for the existence of the Gospel. It is clear from Justin Martyr that the Gospel was known in Rome soon after the middle of the century, and it is possible that Papias, whose writings are placed between 135 and 165, alludes to it though he does not mention it by name; on the basis of the present discovery we may assume with comparative safety that it was circulating in middle Egypt in the first half of the second century.

"This would imply a slightly earlier date for composition, and especially if with some critics we hold that the Gospel was first intended for a select circle at Ephesus; from Ephesus to Egypt is a far cry, and in the case of the Unknown Gospel the editors allow for a time-lag of about thirty years between the date of composition and that of the MS. But all we can safely say is that this fragment tends to support those critics who favour an early date (late first to early second century) for the composition of the Gospel, rather than those who would still regard it as a work of the middle decades of the second century."

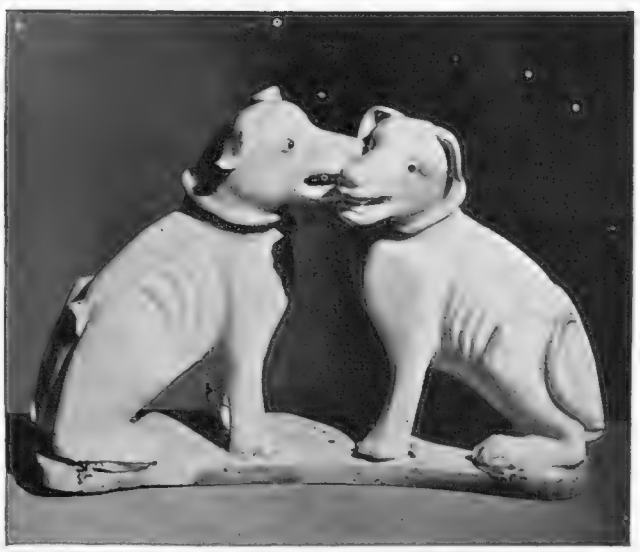
THE WHIMSICAL IN CHINESE ART

A RITUAL BRONZE WINE-VESSEL IN THE FORM OF AN OWL OR PARROT: A quaint and characteristic product of the Chou Dynasty (1122-206 B.C.)—one of the treasures of the Eumorfopoulos Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, which has been lent to the Winter Exhibition of Chinese Art at Burlington House. Note the conventionalisation of the plumage among which the famous "cloud and thunder pattern" occurs. This piece is just over 8 ins. in height

Bronze and Porcelain at the Royal Academy Exhibition

Lent by H. J. Oppenheim

A MYTHICAL QUADRUPED: A bronze with surface decoration of geometric design belonging to the period of the Warring States (481–221 B.C.). Though the form of the lower limbs is stylised, the whole effect is one of outstanding vitality



Lent by the Hon. Lady Ward

WHITE PORCELAIN DOGS OF THE CH'ING DYNASTY: A striking pair dating from the reign of the Emperor K'ang Hsi (18th century A.D.) when the art of porcelain manufacture was at its height, and China did an extensive export trade in this ware

OLD MASTERS AT CHRISTIE'S: Two notable canvases to be auctioned at the sale on December 13. *Left*—Portrait of a man (said to be Dr. Heinsius, the eminent philologist, 1620-81) by Nicolaus Maes, a pupil of Rembrandt, and (*right*) "A Young Nobleman and His Patron Saint," by Justus of Ghent, a Flemish painter who was greatly influenced by the Italians

"PORTICO IN VENICE": This picture, which was auctioned at Sotheby's this week, is a fine example of the art of Francesco Guardi, the eighteenth-century Venetian painter who was a pupil of Canaletto and is noted equally for his portrayals of the architecture of his native city and of lively scenes in its streets. He is regarded as a better colourist than his master

MONOCHROME DRAWINGS IN THE AUCTION ROOMS: Two pictures offered for sale at Sotheby's this week. *Left*—"Portrait of Queen Hortense," by Pierre Prud'hon, the French historical painter, and (*right*) "Two Ladies in Conversation Before a Fire," by Gabriel di Saint Aubin. Hortense Beauharnais was the wife of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland

OLD VERONA—"GEM OF THE VENETIAN TERRA FIRMA": A striking scene beside the River Adige by Bernardo Bellotto—one of the pictures at Agnew's Galleries, Old Bond Street, in the exhibition of landscapes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Bellotto was a nephew of Canaletto, and the work of the two men has often been confused

The Oldest English Gold Cup

And Other Interesting Saleroom Items

NEXT week the most notable sale which has yet taken place this season will be held at Messrs. Christie's on Friday, December 13, when the important collection of etchings and paintings formed by the late Mr. Ernest C. Innes will be dispersed. It has been pointed out that the very fact that this sale is taking place is a proof that the salerooms have recovered their tone, and are now back at their former level, otherwise no owner would have cared to place so valuable a collection for auction. This is particularly the case when the most valuable etching in the world forms one of the items—no less than the famous etching of Jan Six (second state) for which £8,200 was given in 1928 at the sale of the Six collection in Amsterdam. Rembrandt, the greatest etcher of all time, produced more than 300 etchings, most of them uncommissioned, and the greater number of them dealing with scriptural subjects, which appealed to him profoundly. But it is this portrait of his friend and benefactor, Burgomaster Jan Six, which has attained the highest estimation among collectors, partly no doubt from its personal interest, and the fact that it had remained with the Six family for nearly 300 years. Other impressions of this famous print have reached high prices, but nothing approaching the astounding sum given for the one to be sold next Friday.

THE COMMONWEALTH GOLD CUP, claimed to be the earliest specimen of English domestic gold plate, which has just been sold at Christie's for £2,300 to a bidder acting on behalf of a peeress

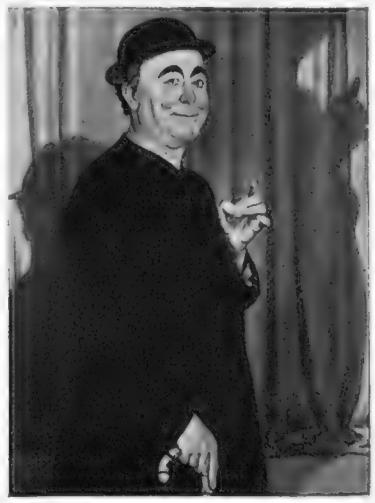
The pictures in the Innes collection are chiefly the works of Dutch and Flemish artists, with a few English examples of the eighteenth century, mainly those of Gainsborough, Romney, and Opie. Of the Flemish pictures there is an interesting one by the early master, Justus of Ghent, showing St. James the Greater, holding a pilgrim's staff, with a young nobleman standing beside him, wearing a pilgrim's cloak. A panel picture by Hans Memling, a fragment of an "Ecce Homo," was exhibited at the Flemish Exhibition in 1927, and when last sold at the Brocklebank sale realised 1,400 guineas. The Dutch artists are represented by Hobbema, Saloman, Van Ruisdael, Maes, Cuyp, Rembrandt, and many others.

For all those who appreciate perfection of drawing, the sale at Messrs Sotheby's this week of the drawings and paintings of the French and Italian schools of the eighteenth century belonging to M. Adrian Fauchier-Magnan will have aroused enthusiasm. The exquisite perfection of Watteau's drawing has long been recognised in the saleroom where a few years ago a mere sheet of studies realised £1,550. In this sale there were fourteen drawings by Watteau and nine by Fragonard, who was born the year after Watteau died, all of them showing the masterly technique of both painters. The fully illustrated catalogue gave examples of Pierre Prud'hon, who painted Queen Hortense, the daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband, and the unhappy wife of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland; of Hubert Robert, the landscape artist who accompanied Fragonard in a tour in Sicily and Southern Italy; and of Francesco Guardi, whose dexterity in architectural drawing draws sighs of envy from present-day artists—altogether a sale of great interest, the result of which, owing to the time of printing, it is impossible to give this week.

There have been two recent sales of old English silver which always maintains a good level in the salerooms, one at Christie's on November 27, and the other at Sotheby's on Thursday this week (December 5). A large portion of the silver at Sotheby's belonged to the Earl of Coventry, consisting of fine old family pieces made for some of his ancestors. A great punch bowl made for William, the fifth Earl, who was Member of Parliament for Bridport and one of the officials of the King's private household, was a magnificent specimen, being in what is called "mint state," and having the distinction of being probably the largest in existence. As it bears the Royal Arms on one side, and those of Coventry on the other, it is thought to have been a gift from King George I.

A gold cup, about 1650, which had hitherto been unknown, was sold at Christie's on November 27. It belonged to Major C.F.R.N. Weston, in whose family it had been for over 250 years, but by some oversight it had never been recorded. There is no earlier example known of domestic English gold plate, the nearest to it being the cup and cover of 1665 belonging to Exeter College.

B. H.



GEORGE ROBEY BY MAURICE CODNER: A notable canvas at the forty-fourth exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters now being held at 195 Piccadilly

What Other People Are Doing

LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG, daughter of the late Earl Haig, in the dress in which she will appear at the Versailles Ball to be held at Halkin House, Belgrave Square, on December 10. All the guests will wear costumes of the time of Louis XVI

WEDDING BELLS: Lady Georgiana Curzon, daughter of Earl Howe, and Lieutenant Home Kidston, R.N., brother of the late Commander Glen Kidston, the racing motorist and airman, leaving Holy Trinity, Amersham, after their marriage a few days ago

KEEPING IN TRIM: Miss Kay Stammers, England's chief hope for the Wimbledon Women's Tennis Championship of 1936, playing lacrosse for St. Albans

NOVA PILBEAM IN PANTOMIME: The young British stage and screen star who has been chosen to play the part of Peter Pan in one of the Christmas shows. Her latest film rôle is *Lady Jane Grey* in the new Gainsborough picture of that name

THE WEDDING STAKES: Sam Wragg, the popular jockey, and his bride, formerly Miss Millicent Maud Smith of Newmarket, pictured together after their marriage at Caxton Hall. The bridegroom's brother Harry was second in the Winning Jockeys List this year

THE YOUNGEST M.P.: Mr. M. Macmillan, the twenty-two-year-old member for the Western Isles, being shown the sights from the terrace of the "House" by Mr. Neil Maclean, another Scottish member

PAVEMENT PUBLICITY: Miss Jennie Marchant, probably the only woman in England who runs a sandwich-board business, inspecting her employees before starting out on their daily round in the West End

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

IN that excellent series of short biographies which Mr. Peter Davies issues at 5s. comes **T. E. LAWRENCE** by Charles Edmonds. Here is a model of what good biography should be; a portrait in which the subject comes to life through the discriminating assembly of details, taking on enough colour from the author's critical bias to give the book an entity as a work of art.

In his own words Mr. Edmonds presumes to no esoteric knowledge, and has no secrets to reveal. Persistent devotees of the Lawrence legend need not doubt however, that there is anything to reveal. They will find in the beginning a young archæological student, given to much nocturnal reading, and even at an early age awakening an interest of the more discriminating of his superiors.

They will find an active disciple of Doughty, and a man who, like other Englishmen before him, found contact with the Arab. They will find Lawrence's special knowledge being alternatively used and scorned during the early stages of the war, and a born leader emerging, somewhat surprised at first at being entrusted with military operations, having acquired what knowledge he had from a study of ancient military history.

They may possibly understand the metamorphosis into the personality of Aircraftman T. E. Shaw, and if they can forget the legend and consider the man they may find a point of agreement with Mr. Edmonds who says, "Lawrence was the archetype of the Lost Generation, the men who would have been in the prime of life if they had not been killed or maimed or silenced by the shock of the great war. Millions of survivors were withdrawing into cynical silence when he withdrew into his twelve years' retirement. If he had won through to a renewed faith he might have pointed out the true direction of the age to our aimless generation, endowed with such technical skill, such powers of self-criticism. But this unknown soldier went to his grave without delivering any message."

If but a tenth of the multitude who have joined in the posthumous rush for *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* will also read this book, some general discovery may be made of the simple but true basis of those qualities for which a man is called great.

CHEERFUL GIVER: THE LIFE OF HAROLD WILLIAMS (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is a wife's biography of her husband, and, even if it were possible, or critically helpful, to ignore the spirit of devotion in which it has been written, it remains a very fine achievement on its own merits.

Mr. Maurice Baring once wrote of Harold Williams, who was later to be the foreign editor of *The Times*, these lines as a tribute:

"Upon the bread and salt of Russia fed
His heart with her high sorrow soared and bled,
He kept the bitter bread, and gave away
The shining salt to all who came his way."

Harold Williams had, from the age of eleven, a knowledge of foreign languages which, in the musical world would have given him the status of infant prodigy. As a child he could speak French, German, Latin, Hebrew, Greek, Italian and, since he happened at that time to be living in New Zealand, Maori. His interests and his sympathies though, even as a student, were with Russia, and his ambition to make a pilgrimage to Tolstoy. His first visit to Russia was as a special correspondent to *The Times*. Later he became correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian*, during which period he met his wife, Ariadna Tyrkova, a leader of the pre-war Cadet Party. During the war and the revolution he wrote for the *Daily Chronicle*. He returned to England, "a free Russia he was not destined to see."

With Denikin's army he went to South Russia, as *The Times* correspondent again, and on his return to England was appointed first as one of the leader writers, and finally a foreign editor. But the bare record of his years of service gives no idea of the man himself, his selflessness and modesty, and his quality of "radiating goodwill." To this Mrs. Williams gives us the key, and Sir Samuel Hoare who writes, in his preface, "I should put in the first line his intellectual honesty, and . . . say that being transparently honest with himself and the world he was among the first of our intellectuals to penetrate the falsities of a new creed."

During the past few years there has been, not exactly a fashion, but an inclination towards books written by doctors, and they have proved enormously popular in the Axel Munthe–Hallidav Sutherland tradition. I have just read a book written by an American doctor, which I can recommend to unsqueamish readers as a really fascinating study.

Dr. Robert T. Morris has made very few concessions to his new public, and those of us who can neither stand the sight of blood nor bear reading about its appearance had better give the book a miss. For the others, **FIFTY YEARS A SURGEON** (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.) will have the fascination of an unedited copy of a doctor's case-book, with all the detachment and impersonality that that conveys, but with none of the inhumanity that might be the result of incessant contact with surgical cases.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PERSONALITY: Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry, eccentric and beauty, whose life-story is told by Violet Biddulph in a new biography published by Nicholson and Watson and reviewed on this page. This picture of her is in the National Portrait Gallery

It surprised me, in fact, that there should be so little cynicism. I should have thought that the hundreds of *malades imaginaires* who must come the way of any successful surgeon would tend to disillusion them about their profession, but, luckily, in this instance I am wrong, and the proof is that after half-a-century Dr. Morris can still write as sympathetically and as humorously as he does, about the incidents of his daily work.

As for Mr. James Thurber, with his sketches and short stories and essays, he is what tiresome young people used to call "absolute *life* to me." In the old days his drawings used to be rescued out of the waste-paper basket by one of his colleagues and published in *The New Yorker*. For all I know that is still the procedure, but whatever it is, long may it continue.

Humour is indescribable and beyond criticism. I laugh till I cry over Mr. Thurber's writing, but how can I know if anyone else will? Although I privately think (who doesn't?) that my sense of humour is infallible, these same articles and ludicrous, brilliant sketches may not raise a smile on anyone else's face. I cannot really believe that anyone could resist the drawing of the dog watching the turtle, but there it is. **THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE** (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) may not be everybody's meat. It cannot conceivably be their poison, but it may—I suppose I shall have to admit that it may—be their rice-pudding.

With the greatest strength of mind, I will refrain from quoting the book in its entirety, and only advise you, or beg you to buy two copies of the book, one for you and one for your best friend, as it is not the sort of book you will ever be able to lend, or indeed trust out of your sight. If the story of Mr. Preble getting rid of his wife does not make you laugh, you had better give it up, and use the book as a doorstop. Or you could give yourself another chance, the last, mind you, with the Guessing Game, which I will describe as temperately as I can.

The story opens with a letter from a New York hotel, stating that an article was found in the author's room after his departure, and asking whether he has missed such an article, and if so to send a description and instructions. Mr. Thurber's frenzied answer, naturally he has no idea what he has left behind, is the rest of the story. His bewilderment and fury and final resignation make the funniest two pages I have read for a very long time, since Mr. Thurber's last book, in fact.

The Baroness Orczy's new book, **THE TURBULENT DUCHESS** (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.) is lively and entertaining, and has all the qualities which one expects, almost insists upon, from the author of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

The duchess in question is little Caroline Ferdinande, later Duchesse de Berri, and mother of the Dauphin, who would have been King Henry V. of France. Caroline Ferdinande's life was as tempestuous as her nature. Even as a child, and not a very popular one, in Sicily, she was a little autocrat, and by means of a naturally bad temper and an entire lack of fear, she soon made her presence felt in that poverty-stricken little court.

The days of her fame began when she was chosen by Louis XVIII to marry his brother's son, the Duc de Berri, and this ceremony duly took place, by procuration, in the cathedral of Naples. She seems to have been an engaging character in spite of her displays of temperament, and after the birth of her son it seemed that she could do no wrong either in the eyes of the people or of the old king. The tragedy of her life and her final exile to Bohemia came as harsh punishments to this courageous, pleasure-loving little person, of whom the author writes with more enthusiasm than critical judgment: "With all her faults she was that one supreme, adorable creation of God, the incarnation of Youth, Gaiety, and Romance."

One of the saddest of all epitaphs is, those whom the gods love die young. When a great man, full of honours and of years, passes on, the note of man's destiny is inescapable in the mourning chants. But there is something peculiarly poignant in the grief which follows the cutting off of a young life in the fresh flower of achievement.

The Viscount Knebworth was killed in an aeroplane accident while practising a formation flight with his squadron prior to the Air Pageant at Hendon in 1933. Born of a great family, heir to a line which for generations has earned distinction and merit in the public service, he was at an early age already embarked upon a public career, was M.P. for Herts. (Hitchin Division), and an executive of a great business. **ANTONY:** A Record of Youth (Peter Davies. 9s. net) is the story of his life, told in the main by himself, through his own letters, and set down by his father, the Earl of Lytton.

Antony Knebworth's career differs very little from that of any young man born into a family in which the aristocratic tradition stills survives. His letters to his parents from Eton bear a trace of the literary ability inherited through his family, but show much the same tastes, anxieties and loyalties as any youth of his class. Yet these were war years, and the young schoolboy, for all his anxiety about his election to "Pop" or his disappointment at not getting into the eleven, shows to a remarkable degree an awakening interest in the larger issues of life.

He was a fine athlete, and better than most in the boxing ring. Oxford in the immediate post-war years left much to be desired from the point of view of so serious-minded a young man; and it is in this period and in the years just following, when separated from his family—for his father had pro-consular duties in India—that we find the youthful development of ideas and the will-to-achievement.

I suppose it is the public taste for highly personal documents which makes this book possible, and available to the general public; and, the proper study of mankind being man, nothing can be more interesting and of such value as just this kind of highly personal compilation. For the subject of this book speaks, not only for himself, but for a generation which suffered many of the disabilities of the war without many of its compensatory "glories".

Of such material are rulers of the next decade to be made. There can be no doubt that had his young life been spared it would have been devoted to the country's service, and, with such a sure foundation of character, could not have failed to go far.

The book reveals a most attractive personality and as a human document is indeed a remarkable story. There is a foreword by J. M. Barrie.

V. F.

* * *

At twenty "beautiful and young," at sixty "beautiful and old"; endowed with high spirits and a quick wit; a compound of generosity and malice, of arrogance and commonsense; and above all an eccentric—this was **KITTY DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY,** the woman of contradictions, who forms the subject of a delightful book by Violet Biddulph (Nicholson and Watson. 15s.). Thus is rescued from comparative obscurity an eighteenth-century personality who, strangely enough, has up to now had no biography solely to herself. Kitty was the daughter of Henry, 2nd Earl of Rochester, and married Charles, 3rd Duke of Queensberry, a somewhat stolid nobleman to whom she was devoted and whose steadiness, a foil for her capriciousness, served to make their long union an outstanding success. As the writer points out, the Duchess "took no part in any movement; neither did she attempt to reform anything or anybody; nor has her memory survived as an authoress, nor even as the heroine of an illicit love affair . . . yet all her days she was a general object of animadversion, censure, and admiration." She is perhaps best known as the patroness of John Gay, the author of *The Beggar's Opera*, for whom she suffered banishment from the Court of George II and whom she took into her household as secretary, thus saving him for the rest of his days from the results of his own financial incompetence which from time to time had plunged him into dire straits. Kitty revealed her unconventionality in many different directions. She had a passion for milking cows; according to the fashion of the times she had a black servant but, instead of making him work, gave him a most elaborate education; and, stranger still, she rejoiced in wearing the oddest of clothes—a predilection that led on one famous occasion to her being "unfrocked" in the Assembly Rooms at Bath by that

(*Continued on p.* 393)

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The World of Books

(Continued from p. 390)

outraged stickler for sartorial etiquette, Beau Nash. Miss Biddulph's book abounds in lively stories, and the painstaking manner in which she has collected, collated, and set down her facts is deserving of the highest praise.

The public demand to be informed about Abyssinia is naturally being met by enterprising publishers, but it is a matter for regret that there should be almost as many inaccuracies in the volumes produced in comparative leisure as there are in the newspaper articles churned out in haste overnight. William J. Makin in **WAR OVER ETHIOPIA** (Jarrolds. 18s.) writes quite entertainingly but somewhat carelessly, and many will be inclined to criticize when he refers to Menelik as "a title of so many kings of Abyssinia," when actually there have been only two of that name, and to Lord Napier's triumphant entry into "Harrar," a city 200 miles to the south-east of Magdala, the real goal of the General's historic journey. The author, who visited Addis Ababa at the time of the coronation of Haile Selassie, and thus has an intimate knowledge of life in the capital, is also unfortunate in that much that he has to say has already been told by another journalist, Ladislas Farago, whose book *Abyssinia on the Eve* was published some months ago and was deservedly a best seller.

But for its rather stupid title, which would appear to be the product of a distinct superiority complex, and which will probably scare away not a few potential readers, Edgar Middleton's **I MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SUCCESS** (Stanley Paul. 16s.) is quite entertaining, the writer drawing upon the countless experiences that have befallen him in a life of varied activity as an airman, an author, a playwright, a journalist, and a politician. Of particular interest are Mr. Middleton's references to his sensational play, *Potiphar's Wife*, which at the time of its production in 1927 was labelled by many of the critics as repellent and vulgar, and in consequence had one of the longest runs of the 1927 season. The book abounds in good stories, and perhaps the best of all is the following anecdote about that now legendary figure, Lord Northcliffe, and his henchman, Hannen Swaffer: "Northcliffe had a reputation for making staff appointments that were sometimes a little unconventional. One day he and Swaffer were getting into the lift together at Carmelite House as a small messenger boy came up. Swaffer at once stood aside. 'After you, my boy,' he said. And the surprised boy went into the lift. When they came out at the landing the same performance was repeated. Northcliffe was puzzled. 'Why, what's the idea, Swaffer?' he asked. 'Well, you never know, Chief,' was the drawling reply, 'next week that boy might be my editor.'"

Many who read **SECRET CHINA** (The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.) by Egan Erwin Kisch will simply refuse to believe much that it contains and, in taking up such an attitude, they will save themselves not a little mental discomfort. Those who realise, however, that the author is a journalist with an international reputation, whose integrity has never for a moment been questioned, will form a very different view of this book about life behind the scenes in Shanghai, with its damning indictment of the employment of child labour; of the sweating of the rickshaw men, whose average working life is but $5\frac{1}{2}$ years; of the widespread corruption in administrative and judicial life; and of the vast underworld organisation which, in the guise of affording protection, extorts monetary tribute alike from traders and private citizens, and offers a knife in the back as the only alternative for those who refuse to be the victims of such robbery. In a series of dramatic and brilliant sketches we are, in fact, made to understand something of the clash of capitalistic and Imperialistic interests in this cosmopolitan Eastern city, and to learn a little of the day-to-day miseries of the millions who are the principal sufferers in this deadly struggle.

Another powerfully written book is H. M. Tomlinson's **MARS HIS IDIOT** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), a denunciation of war addressed to the younger generation, and an appeal to it not to regard mass murder as a necessary evil to be borne at periodical intervals, and not to be led astray by the military outward show of peace time that makes some believe that active service is a great adventure. These essays are remarkable, however, not only for the ideas expressed, but for the trains of thought they engender. It may be they will prove an inspiration to thousands, and it may be they will lead a few of the more bellicose to realise that pacifism is not alone the gospel of the puny and that a nation can prove its manhood without having recourse to brute force.

In conclusion mention should be made of three illustrated works of considerable merit—**THE SAGA OF COFFEE** by Heinrich Eduard Jacob (Allen and Unwin. 15s.), an account of the methods of production and the gradual rise to popularity of this product; **THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS** by R. J. Campbell (Collins. 7s. 6d.), which has been chosen as the religious book of the month; and **LIFE OF THE SHORE AND SHALLOW SEA** (Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.) by Douglas P. Wilson, Assistant Naturalist to the Marine Biological Association, Plymouth.

A BOOK LIST

JOHN MURRAY.—NELSON'S HARDY AND HIS WIFE. By John Gore. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. CASTILIAN OCHRE. By Richard and Phyllis Pearsall. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—JAMIE SIMPSON. By Laurence Oliver. 7s. 6d. THE SUN SHALL RISE. By Richard Heron Ward. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—MY BANDIT HOSTS. By Tinko Pawley As Told to Joy Packer. Illustrated. 16s. THE DECEIVING MIRROR. By Anne Macdonald. 7s. 6d. OUT OF THE DUSK. By Elisabeth Stancy Payne. 7s. 6d. CUCKOO'S BROOD. by Mona Messer. 7s. 6d. THE STUDIO LTD.—ROYAL PALACES. Text by A. L. Baldry. Edited by F. A. Mercer. 6s. YE MADDI. DESIGNER. By Low. 6s. CHAPMAN & HALL.—LIFE BEGINS. By Christa Winsloe. English translation by Agnes Neill Scott. 7s. 6d. SHOULDER THE SKY. By James Gray. 7s. 6d. CZAR: An Historical Tale. By Maurice Bethell-Jones. 8s. 6d. GOVERNOR GENERAL. By R. J. Minney. 7s 6d. DENT AND THE CRESSET PRESS.—CLEAR HORIZON. By Dorothy M. Richardson. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—THE ROMANCE OF THE WESTERN CHAMBER (HSI HSIANG CHI): A Chinese Play written in the Thirteenth Century. Translated by Hsiung, With a preface by Gordon Bottomley. 8s. 6d.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Donations and Legacies are urgently needed by the Society to assist them in their great work of training young children to become good and useful men and women. In the Society's various Homes and the Training Ship *Arethusa* 1,100 poor boys and girls are always being maintained, and the Society make a special appeal to readers of THE SPHERE for funds to assist this splendid cause. Over 33,000 children have already passed through the Society's Homes and Training Ship. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

ANOTHER NEW LUXURY LINER FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE: The 25,000-ton Union Castle motor vessel, *Athlone Castle*, in charge of a tug after being launched last week from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. She is a sister ship of *Stirling Castle*, which is now in process of being fitted out, and will have accommodation for 300 first-class and 500 cabin passengers. In addition there will be an insulated cargo capacity of approximately 330,000 cubic ft. for fruit and frozen produce

SLAUGHTER OF THE ELMS ON RICHMOND GREEN: A picturesque spot that is being shorn of much of its verdant charm. The houses in the background were built for the Maids of Honour of the daughter-in-law of George I

HEADING FOR A PERFECT LANDING: The United States Army Air Corps' and National Geographic Society's balloon, *Explorer II*, gliding to earth near White Lake, South Dakota, after reaching an altitude of 74,000 ft. (fourteen miles) and eclipsing the stratosphere record set up some time ago in Russia. The pilots were Captain Orvil Anderson and Captain Albert Stevens who, it may be remembered, had narrow escapes in July of last year, when the envelope of their balloon began to rip at a height of 58,000 ft. Fortunately they realised the seriousness of the position in time, and were able to take to their parachutes before a violent explosion occurred and sent the gondola hurtling to the ground

"IN RIGHT GREAT EXCHANGE": Laurence Olivier as Mercutio and John Gielgud as Romeo, who, in accordance with their original plan, have taken over each other's parts in *Romeo and Juliet* at the New Theatre. Apart from this the production is exactly the same as that presented in October

STAGE and SCREEN:

A WELL-MEANING and fairly wise statesman on one occasion announced with statesmanlike solemnity that "the family is the basis of English life." I seem to have heard that there are also families in other nations, but we will let that pass.

The family is, in addition to its national aspect, the basis of many of Miss Gertrude Jennings' plays—*Family Affairs*, where the theme was employed most successfully, and *Our Own Lives*, which, whether or not it is successful, is not nearly such a good comedy.

If the St. Martin's Theatre were a picture palace and the young heroine played by little Shirley Temple, this piece would probably set the whole world talking. With all its abundance of good points, however, I could only find tantalising the appearance of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, trying by her splendid art to mould unreality into reality while her daughter in the play brought about an unwanted reconciliation. That the younger generation to-day are permitted to do what they like—on or off the stage—may be regarded as a healthy reaction against Victorian Moulton-Barrettism. Like many healthy things, the reaction is uncomfortable but not intolerable. But it is intolerable when it includes interference with the whole scheme of parental lives.

Here we have a middle-aged married couple who, having no use for each other whatever, had long ago wisely decided to live apart. He preferred books and the proximity of the Brit. Mus. She preferred Venice and running an hotel there—and running at the same time a comforting and reputable love affair with a nice man of fifty who wants to marry her. There was a daughter who would have none of this easy arrangement. She brought her mother to book, and back to the marital books, if not to the marital bed, and the mother was bored and awkward. She brought her father to Venice later on, where he was just as bored and even more awkward. She renounced her own young man in order to devote herself to her parents, who neither needed nor desired such devotion.

Not until the wife's adorer "deliberately Trafalgar Squared" the whole family in the most unreal scene of all did the play come to its most obvious end. It was enlivened by Lady Tree as a duchess, who was surely more amusing than any real duchess has ever been (just as Miss Ellis Jeffreys is more like a real duchess than any real duchess has ever been). Also by a comically common family from Streatham, in whom I did not believe for a moment, though I welcomed them eagerly, thanks to Miss Laura Cowie, Miss Lesley Waring, and Mr. Leslie Stringer, whose waistcoat was a positive masterpiece of bounderdom. It was not, of course, the fault of Miss Vanbrugh and Mr. Baliol Holloway that the man and wife were puppets, nor of the charming and promising Miss Rosalyn Boulter that their daughter was an insufferable little prig.

"Vicky."—I trust that *Vicky*, the venture of Miss Aileen Marson at the Garrick Theatre, will achieve success, which it has a fair chance of doing. Not so much because, unlike Mr. Micawber, Miss Marson has capital as well as brains (to say nothing of pluck in plenty), but because she is an uncommonly good actress.

Vicky as a play is so entirely unintoxicating that with a very slight alteration of spelling, it might be more aptly named *Vichy*, the highly decorous lesson it teaches being good for moral indigestion and diseases of the liver. But in the one big scene in which Miss Marson had a chance to let herself go, go she did and go the play did too.

This was a serio-comedy version of the scene in *Monna Vanna* (which used to upset the 'nineties, I believe) showing how the lady went to the warrior's tent and "he did not touch me." Monna made her expedition to save a whole city. Vicky, moving more domestically, did it to save her sister, who was very, very pretty, had funny coloured hair, and thought herself in love with a rich count. So Vicky went to the count's tent, or rather flat, and though he "did not touch her," he tried to, and it would have served her damned well right if he had succeeded, for she was most minx-like. Her apparent self-sacrifice went for nothing, since, though she was in the right and continued right, she interviewed the wrong count. Her sister's would-be seducer was his father, played by Mr. A. Scott-Gatty with the old-world elegance of *La Dame aux Camélias* or early Pinero.

The *locale*, I should add, is post-war and penurious Vienna. Poor though that one-time glorious city now is I marvel, nevertheless, that it should turn out plays quite so poor as this. The adaptation, however, has been done well; I suggest it should be carried a stage further and that dull first act strengthened or rewritten entirely. But Miss Marson is worth watching in any circumstances, for she has the comedy sense, a touch of pathos, charm in plenty, and, thank Heaven, or her instructors, or her native intuition, she knows when to keep still. Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor hit the right note of rebellion as her lovely elder sister, Mr. John Deverell was pathetic and occasionally amusing as the sort of tame-cat husband no wife should be blamed for leaving, and Mr. Jack Melford was sartorially and histrionically immaculate as the youth the immaculate Vicky was destined to marry.

Ballet at Sadler's Wells.—I have climbed the vast heights of mighty Pentonville several evenings lately and have spent a mighty enjoyable time watching the ballet at Sadler's Wells. Ballet at "The Wells" is first-rate entertainment on both sides of the footlights. The auditorium of the rebuilt theatre (which would have made Samuel Phelps open his eyes a bit) is no longer rather aggressively intelligentsia-cum-coffee conscious. The place is now the resort also of a far wider audience and a more important one. Composers of international fame, an impresario or two or three, film stars, politicians, famous actresses of

EPILOGUE

We all know that these present days are difficult. We know that there are many of the dead and of the living to whom you wish to pay your tribute, but may not. Your great racehorses, your boxers, your statesmen, your strikers of the ball with the bat, and kickers of the ball with the foot, they wait in hundreds for your reverence.

But this art for which we, on this stage, live and work and die is, to us, a great thing. One of the mightiest of all dead men has spoken to you to-day in the voices of his living servants. Do you think it a worthy thing that he should have a house where he and those who follow him may speak in his tongue to you for ever and ever and ever? ADIEU.

A MOVING PLEA: The above sentences were written by James Bridie and spoken by Elisabeth Bergner in the Epilogue of the Shakespeare matinée which Sydney Carroll and Ivor Novello arranged at Drury Lane in aid of the Appeal for a National Theatre, and which was attended by the Duke and Duchess of York

A NOTABLE REVIVAL: An episode from *White Cargo*, Leon Gordon's drama of tropical Africa, which is enjoying a further lease of life at the Cambridge Theatre. *Left to right, standing*—Tondeleyo, the half-caste (Olga Lindo); Worthing (Bruce Lister); Langford, the newcomer (Walter Sondes); Jim Fish (C. Keene); and the missionary (George S. Wray). *Sitting*—The engineer (George E. Bancroft); the skipper (Harry Newman); the doctor (Horace Hodges); Weston (Franklin Dyall); and Ashley (Frederick Moyes)

A THRILLER AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: Felix Montague (Frank Vosper), who plots the death of the man who is threatening to expose a scandal in the lives of a number of "respectable" people, and his wife (Barbara Couper), in James Parish's play, *Distinguished Gathering*, which has been extremely well received. One of the two daggers on the wall is the weapon used for the murder

Irene Vanbrugh Makes a Gallant Attempt to Mould Unreality into Reality: Aileen Marson's Venture at the Garrick: First-rate Entertainment at "The Wells"

By PHILIP PAGE

PROGRAMME—contd.

Overture MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM *Mendelssohn*
THE ORCHESTRA

14. HENRY IV.—Honour Speech GEORGE ROBEY

15. SONNETS Nos. 90 and 98
Spoken by ERNEST MILTON

16. ROMEO AND JULIET Producer ROBERT ATKINS
Romeo IVOR NOVELLO
Juliet JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON

17. SONGS (a) "Sigh No More" *W. A. Aitken*
(b) "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" *Roger Quilter*
Sung by TREFOR JONES

18. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Producer MAURICE BROWNE
Cleopatra GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES
Charmian DOROTHY BLACK
Iras GINA MALO
Messenger ABRAHAM SOFAER
Mardian GEOFFREY NARES
Alexas ROBERT EDDISON

THE ALL-STAR MATINÉE: A particularly bright page from the programme of the National Theatre Appeal Show at Drury Lane. George Robey as Falstaff, Ivor Novello as Romeo, Jean Forbes-Robertson as Juliet, and, perhaps best of all, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Cleopatra, all received thoroughly deserved applause

both the British and the American stage, and be-photographed social celebrities (or nonentities, according to one's point of view) crowd the foyer and chatter and soar above soft drinks and buns.

As to the ballet itself, the improvement is almost startling. In the purely classical ballets the Russians still lead—by a good deal; "Les Sylphides" and excerpts from "Aurora's Wedding" did not rise above the very-good-considering class. But the new or fairly new ballets are perfectly delightful and delightfully perfect.

"The Rake's Progress" (after Hogarth) has, thanks to Miss Ninette de Valois' arrangement and to the dancing of everyone concerned and of Mr. Richard Helpmann in particular, both humour and tragedy, and it reeks of the sordid realism of the eighteenth century. Mr. Gavin Gordon, whom I had known hitherto as a good comedian and a good singer, here shows himself to be a composer of fine taste, technical brilliance, and immense resource. He can turn out an appropriate *pastiche:* yet his music is not old *pastiche*, for it frequently has originality both of style and thematic material. A splendid ballet, this.

The new work "Baiser de la Fée" in its present form really is new. This music of Stravinsky has been heard over the wireless, and a ballet version was produced in Paris by Ida Rubinstein. But the treatment of Mr. Frederick Ashton, who is one of the most brilliant choreographers in England or, for that matter, in the world (he has "choreographed" with success in New York), is on fresh and quite different lines. I thought it both ingenious and beautiful—and not too ingenious to be beautiful. Mr. Ashton does not make his company do ugly things just because they are odd, and no one has done them before. He uses his brains with a definite æsthetic purpose before him, and his policy is justified by his well-deserved triumph. Miss Pearl Argyle and Miss Margot Fonteyn showed that it is possible for both a mortal and an immortal to command success.

Stravinsky's music is not likely to set either the Thames or the Volga on fire. It is not up to the level of his best period, and it is not, perhaps, so interesting as the bulk of the products of his present and somewhat bizarre period. He admits that he has gone to Tchaikovsky for his inspiration, and Tchaikovsky seems to have taken some of the "body" out of him.

But there are passages of considerable beauty, and all of it eminently danceable.

COMEDY AND DRAMA IN THE HIGHLANDS: Robert Donat as Murdock Glourie (the ghost) and Ralph Bunker as Ed Bigelow, an American millionaire, in *The Ghost Goes West*, the London Film Production which is now nearing completion at Denham and the first presentation of which is to be given in aid of charity at the Leicester Square Theatre on December 17, when it is hoped the Queen will be able to attend. The director is René Clair, creator of *Sous les Toits de Paris, Le Million*, and other outstanding successes

"THE MOTHER AND THE DYING CHILD": An effective tableau from Frederick Ashton's ballet to Stravinsky's "Baiser de la Fée," which was given its première at Sadler's Wells last week, and is generally regarded as the first important romantic ballet to be produced by a British Company. The choreographer's success is shared by Sophie Fedorovitch, who designed the costumes and scenery

"OUR OWN LIVES": Rosemary (Rosalyn Boulter), the interfering daughter, and her mother (Irene Vanbrugh), whom she unsuccessfully attempts to reconcile to her father after they have been "comfortably separated for ten years." An incident from the new comedy at the Ambassadors

Shakespeare at the Lane.—We see so little Shakespeare at Drury Lane that we can be content with snippets from the Bard. Indeed, we have to be. Mr. Sydney Carroll is to be congratulated on the success of his Shakespearean matinée in aid of establishing a National Theatre, even by those to whom the mere mention of such an institution is anathema.

Mr. Ivor Novello, who was also concerned in the organisation, seems to have been born to play Romeo, and when I saw him in the balcony scene I regretted that he had been too busy a man for years to devote his attention to Shakespeare. Still, there was much in his performance to be commended, and he looked as handsome as a young god. Mr. Stephen Haggard, on the other hand, missed rather badly in his Hamlet snippet, and I some time ago ventured to express my opinion of Miss Jessica Tandy's Ophelia.

A Film Petruchio.—Miss Constance Bennett is coming to England to make films that will not only adorn England but will furnish an indication that the British film industry is in a financially flourishing condition.

For Miss Bennett has been known to receive as much as £6,000 a week when working on a picture. I doubt whether she receives that now, and I am quite certain that, however flourishing, no British firm can afford to pay her so vast a figure. But a touch of the exotically glamorous, even at expensive rates, will be all the better for Elstree, Ealing, Twickenham, etc., which have been relying far too much on stage stars trying to adapt themselves, not always successfully, to an entirely different medium, or on semi-amateurs, pitchforked into the job without any asset whatever except social connections, which cannot really be considered an asset at all.

Miss Bennett not only has great good looks but is an admirable film actres.

Mr. John Gielgud as Romeo.—Mr. Gielgud's Romeo, in what looks like becoming an historic revival at the New Theatre, is better than it was in a previous production elsewhere, and it was always good.

There is an old theatrical trick, dating from the days when the actor-manager was supreme, of keeping the lights on the stage dim until the appearance of the Great Man Himself. Then there was a burst of electricity, and the audience, noting this subconsciously only, told each other how a really fine actor can, in some indefinable fashion, lift up a whole play by his mere presence, even before he has spoken a word. This is still practised occasionally and is quite legitimate.

I do not suggest that Mr. Gielgud was following some sort of analogous device in letting Mr. Laurence Olivier play Romeo for a few anticipatory weeks, he himself being a mere Mercutio. But the arrangement evoked a memory. Mr. Olivier was a good but not a very good Romeo. He is now a better Mercutio than Mr. Gielgud was, except for the death scene, the quiet treatment of which in Mr. Gielgud's hands I rather preferred.

Conversely, Mr. Gielgud is a better Romeo because he is more poetical and only a little less virile.

ANOTHER GIBRALTAR: Little-known Point Ifach, the summit of which can be reached by a tunnel—a striking sea-mark between Alicante and Valencia on the south-eastern coast of Spain. In the foreground is a 15-h.p. Daimler

The Petrol World

The Need for Control of all Road Users — Mr. Hore-Belisha Enters on a New Term of Office

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

THE Minister of Transport has been returned to Parliament by a large majority, and as we have no information to the contrary we must assume that he is destined to continue in the same office and carry on with his problem of trying to reduce the weekly casualty total of the roads. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Belisha on one occasion, and from the short conversation I should say he is a serious, sane individual who realises that he has undertaken a difficult task. No Government official has a free hand in matters which affect the entire community, and so perhaps it is a little unfair to blame the Minister for not taking more drastic steps at the start to deal with his problem. The inhabitants of this country are so steeped in precedent, and so loath to give up even their smallest so-called "right," that it might have led to serious trouble of another nature if pedestrians had been controlled, say twelve months ago. I do not know what Mr. Hore-Belisha's policy actually is, but I think that both he and the Government must now realise that it is futile to control one class of road user and yet allow all the others to do exactly what they please. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that the Government plan is to control all road users, but they had to commence very gently, not upsetting the pedestrian and the cyclist, until they had facts and figures in their possession to show that the number of casualties on the road could not be reduced by any other means.

I, and thousands of other motorists, have shouted loudly for the universal control of all road users, and I am still of the opinion that that course will have to be adopted in the end in addition to others if the desired result is to be attained. At the same time it is not such an easy policy to put into operation as it would appear at first sight. Only the other day I had a very vivid example of one of the difficulties which the police will be up against if and when pedestrians and cyclists are to be prosecuted for breaches of the future road regulations. I was driving my car out of a car park at a well-known Surrey hotel and a policeman held up his hand so as to stop any traffic that might be coming along and which, without his assistance, might have hit me. As he waved me out a cyclist came tearing past him, and it was sheer good fortune that there was not a collision. I had pulled up although the constable had beckoned me on and he came over to me and said "Some of these people are terrible." I replied, "I suppose you will prosecute him so perhaps you would like a lift in order to chase him." The constable then informed me that it was quite useless as he was sick and tired of taking cyclists' names and addresses for alleged offences only to find that in the great majority of cases the information given was false.

Obviously, unless cyclists are registered it will be exceedingly difficult to deal with them effectively whenever they transgress. There is, of course, a lot to be said in copying the example of certain foreign countries in making the owner of a two-wheeler pay a small annual tax, and so give him a registered number, but I have no doubt that such a measure would create a terrific outcry on the part of the cycling clubs. It is a measure which would definitely work but the problem of registering pedestrians makes one furiously think.

On all sides I hear of thoroughly respectable people who have driven their cars for twenty years or more without an accident being caught exceeding thirty in one or other of the restricted streets. On the other hand, a car approached me the other day doing about fifty m.p.h., whilst I was doing about sixty-five, and the driver steered straight for me in broad daylight. Fortunately, there was a fairly level grass verge on the side of the road which I was able to negotiate and after the danger had passed my passenger asked me if I had noticed the driver, who was pointing out some object of interest to the girl beside him and definitely not looking where he was going. No 30 m.p.h. limit or driving test will stop such a lunatic. Any driver who can take his eyes off the road like that is not fitted to be in charge of a car, but I must confess that I can suggest no means whereby such people can be de-licensed. I do think, however, that the provision of double-track roads with a grass or neutral strip between the two, will prevent a large number of accidents happening which to-day are caused by idiots such as the one I met. Unfortunately, at our present rate of progress such improvements will take a long time to complete, but such road construction is definitely needed and needed quickly.

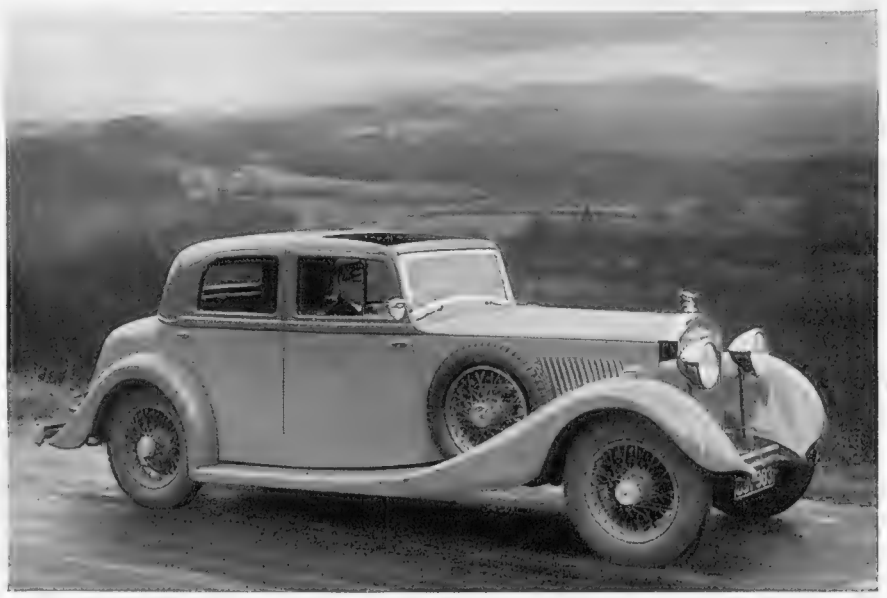
I do not know whether it is my love for gadgets or my ancestral laziness that made me decide some months ago to have my garage doors electrified so that when I wished to put my car away and came down the drive the doors would open of their own accord. However, the fact remains that I have this luxury fitted, and after a couple of months with it am very pleased indeed with the outfit's reliability. The particular make is that known as the "Parlee," and the mechanism is marketed by the well-known firm of Constable, Hart, and Company, Limited, Broadway Buildings, Broadway, London, S.W.1. Electrically-operated garage doors are not new, but up to now their cost has always interfered with their popularity, but the particular make in question costs under £10, which immediately puts the device within reach of thousands.

The method of operation is very, very simple, and briefly is as follows. When the two doors are shut they are held in that position by means of a metal finger fitted on top of the door frame. This finger has to be set when the doors are being closed. On the drive a contact is let in and in appearance is like a small edition of the familiar rubber-covered contacts which operate the up-to-date traffic signals. The car going over this contact completes an electrical circuit which lifts up, presumably by a magnet, the finger which holds the two doors in a closed position. The doors fly open under the action of springs and, in the luxury type which I have had fitted, pneumatic dampers slow them up gently at the end of their travel. To prevent unauthorised people treading on the contact strip on the drive in order to steal the car at night time, the circuit is provided with an additional switch placed inside the house, and when this is in the off position, even an elephant would be unable to open the doors by jumping on the contact.

Another great convenience is the provision of an additional ordinary press contact, like a bell-push, in the house which allows the doors to be opened from the house as well as from the drive. The amount of current used is negligible and I am told that the whole device will work with batteries, should electricity not be laid on to the house. When the fittings are sent out directions are enclosed so that the local electrician can carry out the work. The average owner may not realise what a blessing self-opening garage doors can be. I did not myself appreciate their value to the full until the recent rainy weather came along. When I leave the car in my garage I naturally have to get out of the vehicle and make a bolt for the hall door, but it does save my getting out to open the doors and thus getting wet fumbling about for a key which may be difficult to find.

A certain amount of misunderstanding appears to exist in the mind of the general public as to whether it is or not a breach of the law for a car owner or motor cyclist to pass a tramcar on the nearside when it is stationary. The position is as follows. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen and Ayr, power to make local by-laws covering this matter has been obtained, and no vehicle is permitted to pass a stationary tramcar on the nearside. Similar powers have been sought by many other boroughs in England and Wales, but owing to the opposition of the Royal Automobile Club and other motoring organisations, such powers have never been granted, and there is no law which prevents the driver of a motor-vehicle passing on the nearside of a stationary tramcar. The reasons underlying the Club's opposition to this proposal are briefly: (1) Unnecessary interference with traffic flow, causing obstruction. (2) Danger arising from accelerating in order to pass before the tramcar stops and at the moment when passengers are probably just stepping from the footpath into the roadway. (3) Difficulty in knowing whether or not a tramcar is actually about to stop.

Whilst it has been possible to prevent the creation of a new technical offence, the Royal Automobile Club points out that there are certain rules of courtesy and conduct which demand the utmost consideration from drivers of motor vehicles for the safety and convenience of passengers boarding and alighting from a tramcar. Tramcars are gradually being replaced in all parts of the country by trolley buses, and the substitution will for ever dispose of this problem. In the meantime the R.A.C. suggests that whenever a tramcar is taking up or setting down passengers, motorists should stop until the roadway is absolutely clear.



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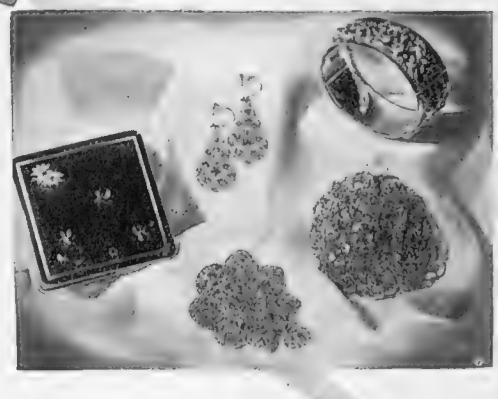

Gone are the days when women regarded the wearing of spectacles as a handicap to their good looks. Theodore Hamblin, of 15 Wigmore Street, W. are not only Dispensing Opticians. They have studied the problem from the woman's and from the sportsman's point of view with excellent decorative and practical results. Here, for instance, is an ideal Christmas present. The "Locket" lorgnette, which when folded may be worn as a pendant. It is made in gold and white gold, as well as in less expensive materials. Very small and powerful binoculars are another gift suggestion, and they are made in all colours as well as black. To say nothing of cases for spectacles and speclettes, made in such materials as Chinese lacquer, petit point, shagreen, and galuchat, or perhaps in gold and platinum

✣

It is surprising how frequently one hears women sigh, "It's so hard to know what to give a man." If you send him a special gift case containing one, two, three, or six bottles of that fine old Highland whisky, "Stand Fast," you'll win his gratitude and his admiration. If you should have any difficulty in getting it, write to Grant's, Dufftown, Scotland, and they will arrange at once for supplies through your usual wine merchant

✣

Here's something for all smokers of discrimination, be they brother or sister, young or old. De Reszke cigarettes, put up in special postal packings for Christmas. De Reszke Minors, cork-tipped, plain, or ivory-tipped, are packed in three tins together, each containing 60, for 6s., while 50 De Reszke Turks costs 2s. 6d., and one tin of De Reszke Minors (plain) is priced at 2s. This is an easy-to-send present that will give great pleasure

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A good meal, well chosen and faultlessly cooked, needs a delicious liqueur to round it off perfectly. Owing to its delicate orange flavour and its lack of excessive sweetness, Cointreau has an irresistible appeal. It is shipped to this country specially distilled Extra Dry for England, and is excellent with fruit salads and grape-fruit, besides being essential in White Ladies and other cocktails that are at present in great demand

✣

Most men respect a woman's judgment of quality when it comes to buying clothes. It is their taste in colours and design which sometimes meets heated criticism. If you want to be on the safe side choose Luvisca shirts, collars, and pyjamas. They are sold in a variety of neat stripes as well as plain colours, and are a perfect combination of artificial silk and cotton of the highest grade. Incidentally, they positively enjoy being washed

✣

Jewellery this season is barbaric, and you will please her enormously if you give her any of these things, inexpensive though they are. The wide gilt bracelet has a heavy embossed design and costs 5s. 6d. The gilt filigree clip (5s. 6d.) and earrings (6s. 6d.) are set with coloured stones; and the round brooch, similar but bolder in design, costs 6s. 6d. Lastly, the lacquered powder box, with mirror and silk sifter, is priced at 5s. 6d. From Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, W.

1

2

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—he'd appreciate Slippers this Christmas

1. Red or Blue Morocco, Black or Brown Glacé Kid, or in Patent Leather—Calf-lined with non-slip Suède backs. Leather soles and heels, sewn and turned. Sizes and half sizes 6 to 12. 18/9

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4. In Brown She pskin with Leather soles and heels, or the famous Glastonburys in Brown or Buff with Crèpe Rubber soles. Sizes 4 to 12. 10/9

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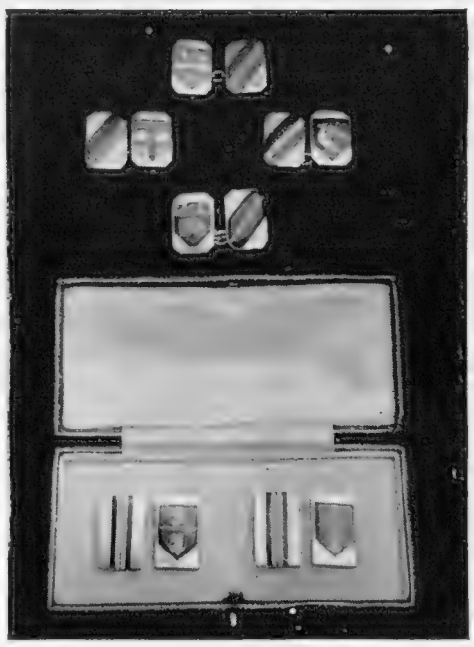
CUFF LINKS



(1) In Silver (or finished gilt) with enamelled "colours" and crest, as illustrated at top. From stock or made to order, 12/6 per pair.
(Case for same, 2/- extra)

(2) As above, but in Heavier Quality, complete in case as lower illustration, 21/- per pair.
Made to order only.

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ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST

But Who is to Say What is Enough When Such a Feast is Spread?

Welcome at every Christmas party—Mackintosh's delicious sweets. The "Dick Whittington" flower jug is made in the best Staffordshire pottery (price 4s. 6d.), the Terrier and Teddy Bear are filled with Assortment-de-Luxe (1s. 6d. each), and there are most attractive fancy tins at 1s. and 6d. Their contents must be sampled to be truly appreciated. The "Carnival" Crackers Box is worthy of special mention, for a cracker with a toffee filling is always a favourite

With a sprig of Highland heather to make your good wishes live long after the contents of the bottles have gone, the "Highland Queen" Heather case is a handsome offering. It contains one, two, or three bottles of this famous Scotch Whisky which has a particular and never-failing appeal, and it will win you lasting gratitude

It would be difficult to think of any gift that would give more pleasure at a very moderate cost than a decorated canister of United Kingdom Tea, for its subtle fragrance is liked by every member of the family, and it is wonderfully refreshing. The "Christmas Blend" is packed in 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, and 10 lb. sizes, at an inclusive price of 2s. 6d. a lb., and carriage is paid on 4 lb. and upwards

Epicures know it as a delicious liqueur, this Lemon Hart Rum with more than a century's reputation. Because of the expert blending and long maturity in cask it has a fine mellowness, and it blends beautifully with coffee or milk, or with hot water and lemon. It's grand, too, as a foundation for cocktails, and makes a most invigorating long drink in ginger ale with lemon added to taste

To give someone else what you would very much like to keep yourself is surely the height of generosity. So send Dewar's "White Label" Whisky, specially packed for Christmas in decorated cartons, ready for despatch, containing two, three, and six bottles. These can be obtained at all wine and spirit dealers

Playing for safety is a good idea when you can be sure that you are also going to win somebody's enthusiastic approval. Give your guests, or send your friends, Crawford's Bonnie Mary Shortbreads. An oval tin costs 2s., and for the same price you can choose several of their other shortbreads. After all, there are seventeen of them—and they are all favourites

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runs an old Portuguese proverb and certainly you should follow it if you're tempted to go this Winter to Estoril, that smart beach on Portugal's sunny coast. Can't you just see yourself lazing on the sands; enjoying summer *far niente* in broad mid-winter! There's nothing like it to restore your energy and your good humour.

Forget the fogs in a set of tennis, the sleet in a round of golf, the murky monotony of a British winter in the excitement of roulette at the smart Casino. Or if you prefer rest to thrills, take a cure in the thoroughly modern thermal establishment.

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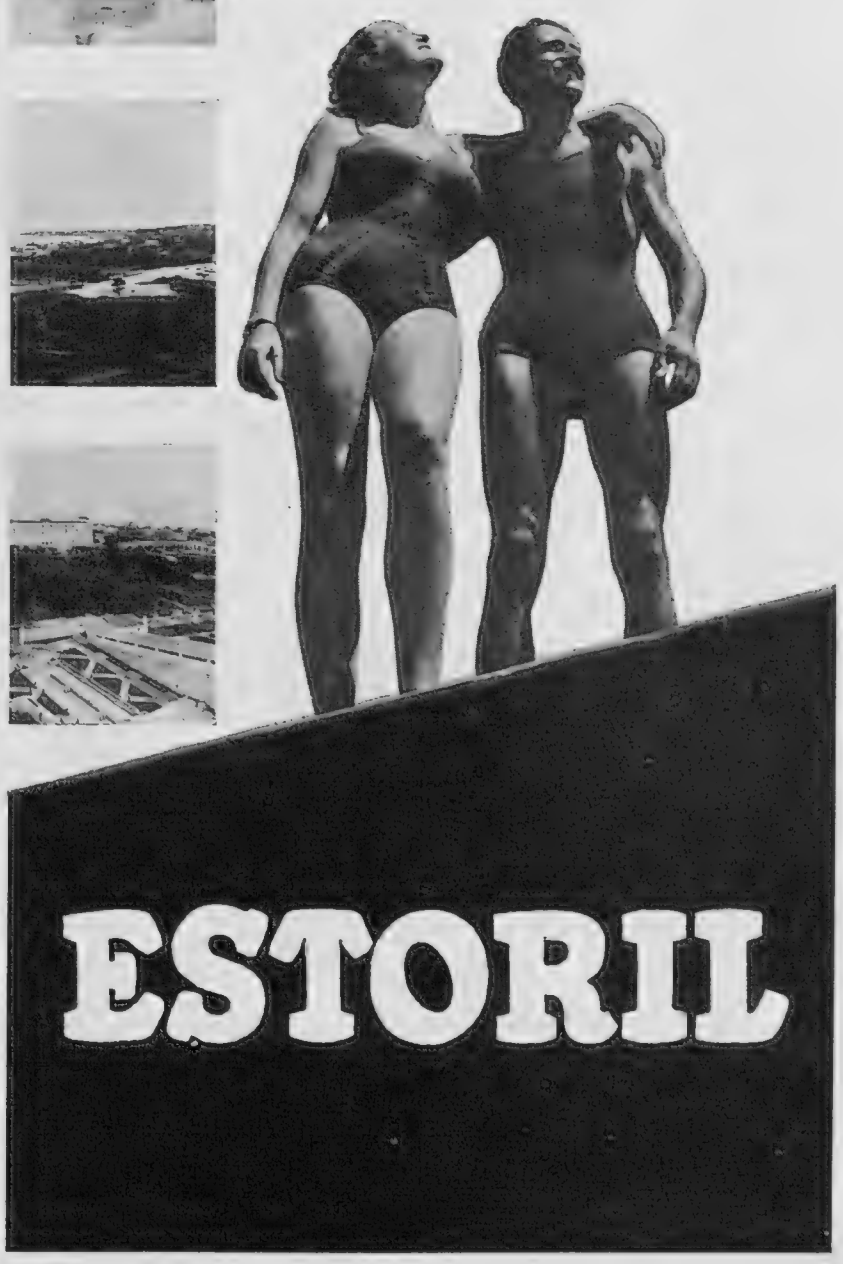
For information: CASA DE PORTUGAL, 20, Regent St., London; or Soc. Propaganda da Costa do Sol, ESTORIL, PORTUGAL



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If you want to choose something that will remain long after its raison d'être has disappeared in smoke, get a Christmas Box of 100 "Carreras" Cigarettes. These are new Virginia cigarettes and the box is made in bakelite of warm-coloured mahogany grain. It costs 6s. Another sight that is always welcome is a cheery red and gold pack containing 50, 100, 150, or 200 Craven "A" cigarettes

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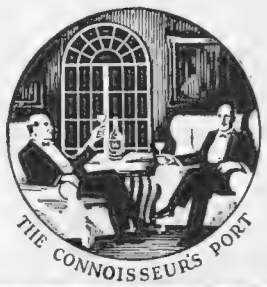

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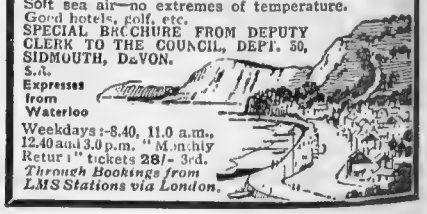

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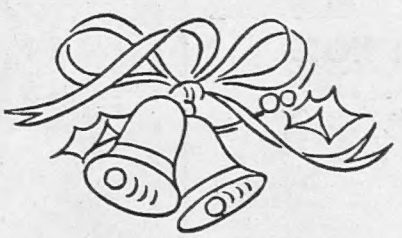
WINTER CRUISES

L.A.



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With the coming of Christmas, the Swan once again provides the perfect answer to the question of the hour "What shall I give?" More so than ever this year, because there is now the choice of two distinctive and efficient types — the newly-introduced Visofil, which has large capacity and *shows* when to refill, and the Leverless, which is unsurpassed for sheer ease and speed in filling.

Swan Pen

FROM ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

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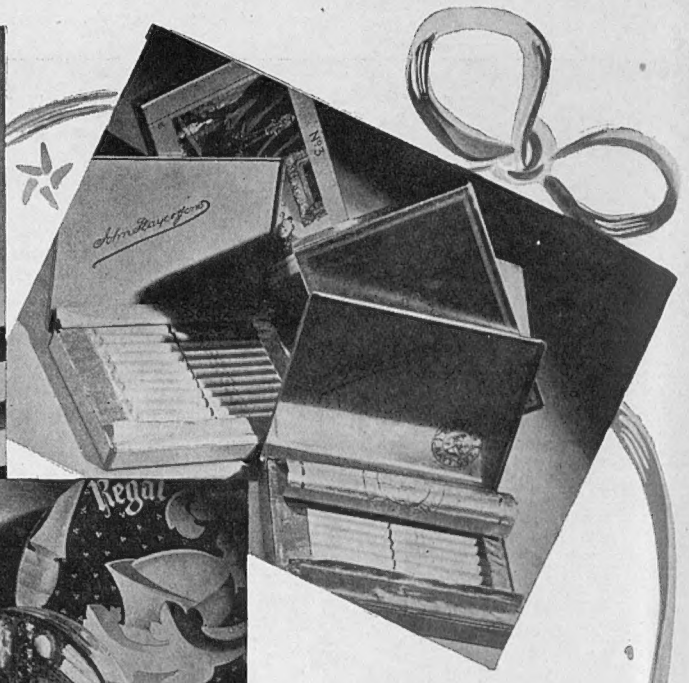
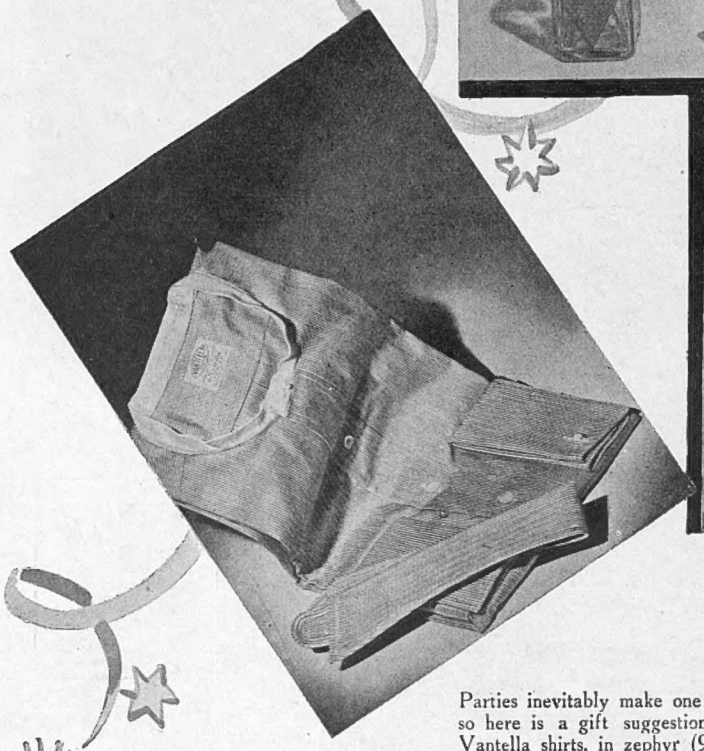
IN PARTY MOOD

Developing the party spirit is an easy matter when Gilbey's pungent cocktails pave the way. Skilfully mixed by experts, they save trouble, and are universally liked. Add a bottle of Gilbey's Crystal Dry Gin and their ten-year-old Scotch Whisky—and the success of your party is assured. Two bottles of Spey Royal can be bought in a Christmas carton





You can't imagine cocktails without savoury biscuits, and Huntley and Palmer's Almond Cheese are great favourites, rivalled only by their Sherry Assorted. Among their most popular sweet biscuits are Regal (some of which are chocolate and some not) and Paris—very fancy biscuits for the sweet toothed

Parties inevitably make one think of new clothes, so here is a gift suggestion for your men folk. Vantella shirts, in zephyr (9s. 3d.) and in poplin-de-luxe (10s. 6d.) with collars to match by Van Heusen (1s. 3d. each). There are three sleeve lengths to every collar size, the colours are guaranteed fast, and the workmanship is excellent

"Player's Always, Please," is a cry that ascends every year. "Medium Navy Cut" Cigarettes are supplied in Christmas packings of 50, 100, and 150, the prices being 2s. 6d., 4s. 10d., and 7s. 3d. respectively. There are also cartons containing five packets of 20 for 4s. 9½d., and Player's Cork tipped "Bachelors" in flat tins of 50 for 2s. 6d.

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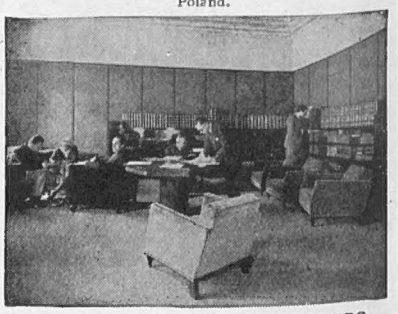

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346 Strand, London, W.C.2.—*December 7, 1935.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

H., Worc. (Union Castle Line).—The special Christmas and New Year return 1st class fare to South Africa quoted by the Union Castle Line is £90 to Cape Town, £95 to Port Elizabeth, £98 to East London, and £100 to Natal. The tickets are available by outward sailings on December 13, December 27, and January 10. The 1st class fare for the "Round Africa" cruises organised by the Union Castle Line is £105, the *Llandovery Castle* leaving London on December 28, arriving back at Southampton on March 2, and the *Durham Castle* leaving London on January 2, arriving back at London on March 12. These two cruises are most interesting and offer exceptionally good value for the low fare of £105. The average mean temperature during the summer months of January, February and March, at Cape Town are 69·3° Fah., 69·7° Fah., and 68° Fah., the corresponding temperatures at Durban being 76·6° Fah., 76·6° Fah., and 76° Fah.

Lady C.D. (Hyde Park).—For a long residence in MALVERN we recommend the ROYAL FOLEY HOTEL, which has recently changed hands, though we understand the head waiter has been retained. The new proprietors have spent many years in the East and consequently would appreciate your particular requirements. The hotel has been modernised, all the bedrooms being equipped with running hot and cold water, while a cocktail lounge has also been installed.

N., Orkney Islands (Bali).—The Island of Bali, in the Dutch East Indies, can be reached from Surabaya, from where there are three sailings weekly by the K.P.M. Line. The island can be explored in three or four days by car. Den Pasar in south Bali is a good centre from which to make excursions there being two hotels there, the Bali Hotel and the Satrya Hotel. There is also a K.P.M. rest house at Kintamani, at a height of 5,000 ft., where the views and climate are magnificent. You may be interested to know that the itinerary of the cruise which the P. & O. liner *Viceroy of India* is making from Bombay on January 18, includes a twenty-nine hours' call at Bali. The 1st class fare for this cruise, including the return journey to Bombay from London by the *Viceroy of India*, ranges from £135.

A. M. S. (Paddington).—As you will probably require tonic air for your convalescence, we suggest you visit WESTON-SUPER-MARE, where the climate, though mild and equable, is bracing. The GROSVENOR HOTEL there is quiet and comfortable and is well situated, the principal rooms facing south and having balconies overlooking the lawns and sea. The hotel is equipped with central heating throughout, all the bedrooms having running water.

D., Yorks. (Austria).—St. Anton am Arlberg, which is situated at a height of 4,300 ft., is one of the finest ski-ing centres in Austria and is the home of the well-known Hans Schneider Skischule. The leading hotel there is the Post, while the Schwarzer Adler Hotel and the Alpenrose Hotel can also be recommended. You could travel to St. Anton on the Arlberg-Orient Express which runs on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, passengers leaving London at 2 p.m. arriving at St. Anton at 8.15 a.m. the following morning, the return 2nd class fare being £14 15s. 2d., the supplement for the 2nd class sleeping berth being about £3 3s. 6d. each way.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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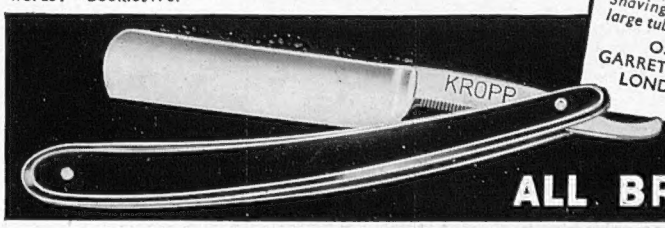

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